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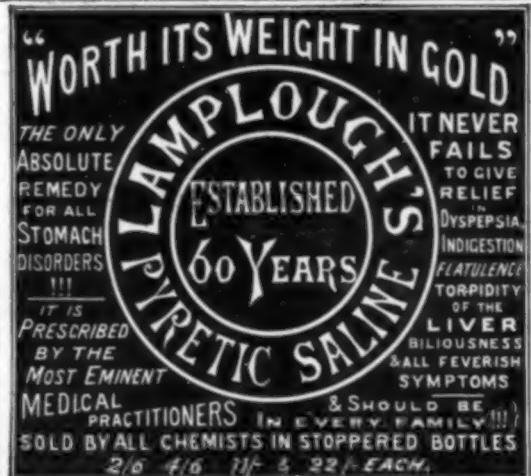
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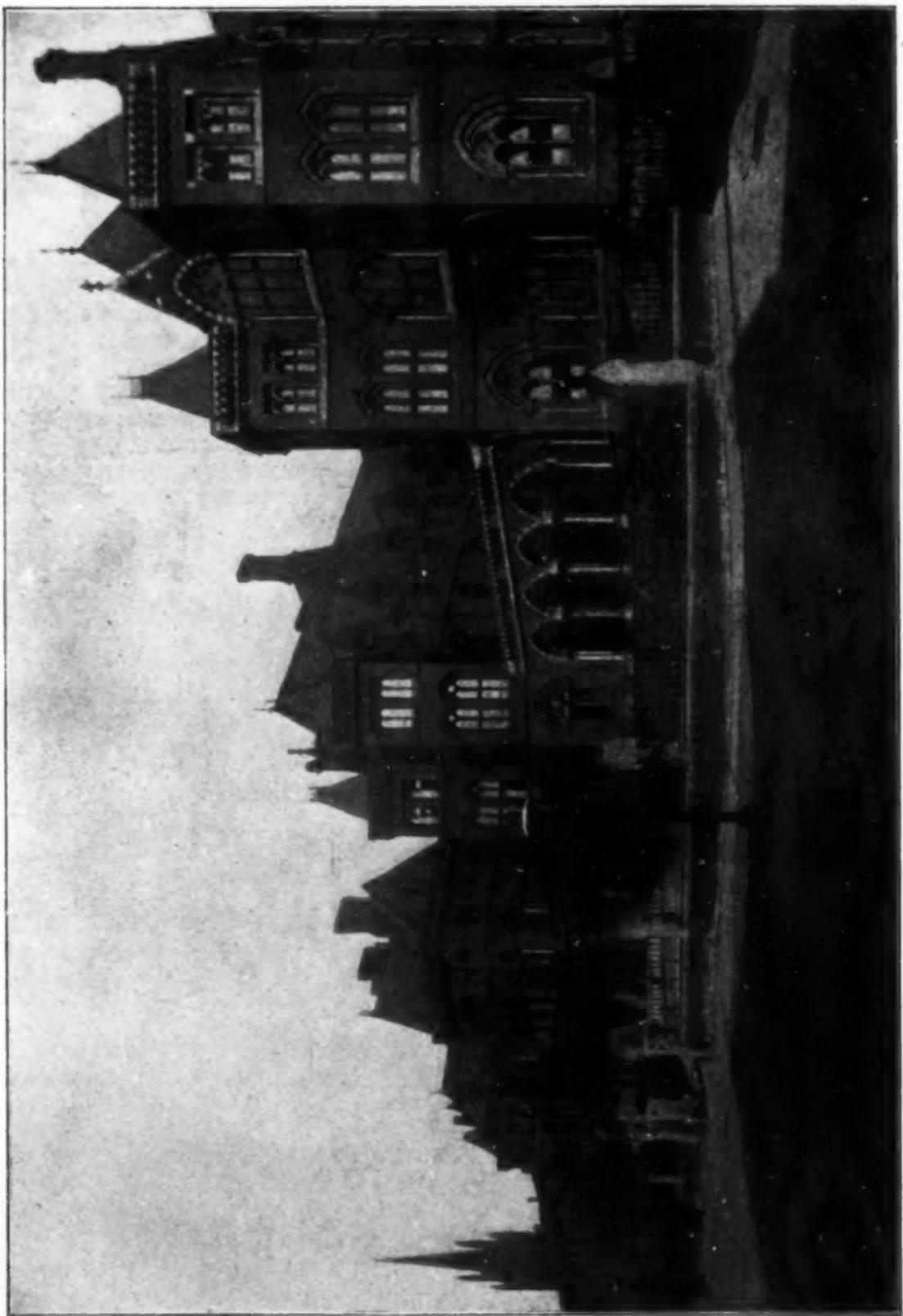
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LEEDS INFIRMARY

Leeds

WRITTEN BY JOHN DOW. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



TOWN HALL, LEEDS



LEEDS is the second largest city in the kingdom. There is no need for the Liverpool or the Glasgow reader to bristle up with a contradiction on his lips: the needful qualification shall at once be made. Its claim to second rank is in respect of area alone. The municipal boundaries are thirty miles in circumference, and enclose 21,572 acres, whereas the city on the Mersey stands on 13,326 acres, and the sister port on the Clyde on 11,861 acres. In Leeds as yet there is no pressure of brick and mortar on the boundary line. The core of the city is densely built and smoky

VOL. VI., NEW SERIES—JUNE, 1898

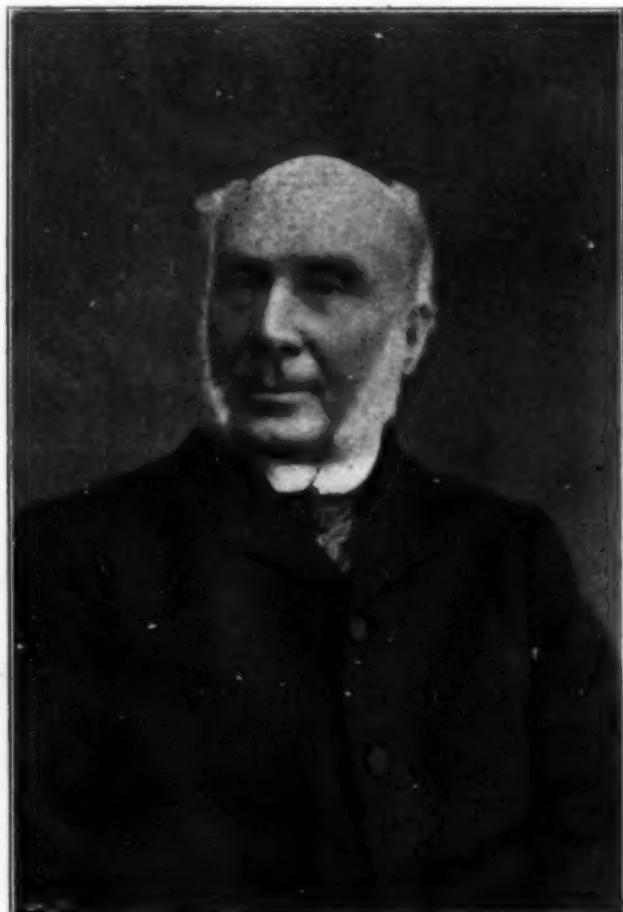
black, but the outer suburban zone thins away to greenness, and you may wander amid verdant fields with never an urban sight nor sound, and still be treading on municipal soil. Since the charter was granted in 1626 there has been no alteration in the city boundaries, which for parliamentary, municipal, and ecclesiastical purposes are now identical. There was at that date little more than a village population in Leeds. There are now 400,000 inhabitants.

Like most West Riding towns, Leeds is attractive or the reverse according to the point of view of the observer. Mr. Ruskin and all his train would cry

anathema on the place. But the poet or apostle of the beautiful cannot have the world shaped according to his liking; if he could it would be so much the worse for the world. Besides, there are so many other people whose imaginations are touched in just the opposite way, to whom the very dinginess of a great manufacturing town is as a cloud that has a golden lining. The wealth-producing power of the city has grown apace with the rapid increase of the population that has been attracted to its borders. Here the clothing industry of the country has its head centre; but it must not be supposed that this is the staple industry. Others in the long catalogue are almost equally important. The making of engines and machinery, leather, glass, boilers, paper, pottery and scores of other commodities keep many thousands of hands busy all the year round. The City Fathers to whom the well-being of this large mixed family is entrusted

number sixteen aldermen and forty-eight councillors. They are composed mainly of men of the strenuous Yorkshire type, who by their own inborn strength have come to the surface in the struggle. Their office is no sinecure; a lynx-eyed community, alive with the pride of citizenship and saddled with rates amounting to 6s. 11d. in the pound, keeps a sharp look-out on their doings. Much has been done in the past to improve the city, to soften the angularities

that remain when a town has outgrown its old needs; and much has still to be done in the future. Leeds has produced a few great men, but the roll does not include a Haussmann or a Chamberlain. Although schemes in plenty have been hatched, the poet's dictum about even "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men" has not been falsified here. Yet remarkable indeed have been the improvements effected both by public and private enterprise during the last few years. The stranger emerging from the principal railway station does not now find himself walled in with dingy brick. A spacious new square opens out before him, City Square by name, along one side of which rises the handsome façade of the new Post Office, built on part of the site of the demolished Cloth Hall. If he crosses the Square and walks up Park Row—the Lombard Street of Leeds—his eye will not fail to note about half-a-dozen palatial new structures, rich with marble and granite, sculptured stone and moulded terra cotta, which wealthy banks and insurance companies have just built or are building. This architectural renaissance has transformed Park Row into the handsomest street in the city. Briggate, the main thoroughfare, running north and south, has this singular feature: it is a sharp dividing line which separates two distinct classes of the community. On the west is the commercial heart of the city, and the roads



SIR JOHN BARRAN, BART.

Photo by HESLOP WOODS, Leeds



YORKSHIRE COLLEGE, LEEDS



KIRKSTALL ABBEV. THE WEIR

lead up to verdant heights where villas are built and trees spread their branches over well-trimmed lawns. On the east are the slums where the poorest dwell, and the squalor of some of those places is not to be spoken of lightly. The heart of the Corporation has been moved in the matter, and a grand scheme of demolition and re-housing has been set in motion at an estimated cost of £165,000 for one area alone.

Among the past achievements of the Leeds Corporation, which citizen and stranger alike must have applauded, was the erection of the Town Hall, a truly noble building in the Palladian style, which has been extensively copied on a smaller scale in other towns. Its size—250 feet long by 200 feet wide—its deeply recessed portico with four lions guarding the steps leading up to the entrance, and its massive tower and dome, 225 feet high, possess an architectural dignity and grace, which not even the sooty hue of the stone can impair. The great hall inside, richly decorated, and provided with a famous organ, is one of the most splendid public rooms in England. This is the scene of the Triennial Musical Festival, when the finest chorus in the world sends the critics from afar into raptures. After every festival a surplus of £2,000 is handed over to the medical charities of the city. The first Festival was held in 1858, to celebrate the opening of the Town Hall by the Queen. Twenty-six years later, in 1884, there arose by the side of the Town Hall in Calverley Street the handsome pile known as the Municipal Buildings, in which some of the leading officials have their headquarters, including the City Engineer, Mr. Thomas Hewson, upon whom, among other duties, devolves the care of that immense undertaking, the waterworks. Leeds has an excellent supply of water. It is impounded fifteen miles from the city, away up in the valley of the Washburn, a tributary of the Wharfe. On the compensation reservoir, the third of the lake-like expanses of water that glitter in the valley, one may occasionally see a shining torpedo shoot along just un-

der the surface, leaving diagonal tracks behind the path it has cloven. These engines of destruction are made in Leeds by Messrs. Greenwood & Batley, and this was their practising ground. The waterworks of Leeds are capable of supplying 28,000,000 gallons a day. Their cost up to last year was £1,783,093. Under the roof of the Municipal Buildings the Central Free Library has its habitation, and behind it is the Art Gallery, a plainly-built wing, opened in 1888. One of the treasures of the small permanent collection is Lady Butler's well-known "Scotland for Ever!" presented by Col. T. W. Harding, chairman of the Art Gallery Committee. The cost of the Municipal Buildings and the Art Gallery together was the same as that of the Town Hall, namely £130,000. The centralised group of public institutions here situated includes the School Board Offices, erected in 1879 at a cost of £35,000. The educational results achieved by this body have



SIR JAMES KITSON, BART., M.P.

not been surpassed, if at all equalled, elsewhere. There are nearly sixty schools under the Board, with accommodation for about 50,000 children; and the chief monument of the system, which is pointed out with pride, is the Central Higher Grade School, a vast square edifice in Woodhouse Lane, with a playground on the roof, nearly a hundred feet above the ground. Educationists all over the country are familiar with this splendidly equipped establishment. But the great institution which has ennobled the life of the city in its latter days is the Yorkshire College. Little more than twenty years have passed since the college was opened in a modest building in Cookridge St. To-day it stands on another site, in aspect an unmistakably academic abode, a dignified agglomeration of Gothic halls and towers, and courts between, designed by Mr. Waterhouse, R.A. It is, with the

Owens College, Manchester, and the University College, Liverpool, a constituent college of the Victoria University. Over £110,000 has already been spent on the buildings; and twice has Royalty come to the city to open different sections. There are close upon 1,100 regular students on the books of the College. The Medical Department, expanding and blossoming like every other branch of the institution, was forced to leave its old confined premises in Park Street two years ago, and it is now

splendidly housed in a large Gothic building on the Mount Pleasant estate, erected and equipped at a cost of £42,000. It claims to be one of the most complete schools of medicine in the country. Approximately adjacent is its gigantic neighbour, the General Infirmary, a stately series of Gothic pavilions, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, and erected at a cost of £150,000, including recent additions. Other charitable and philanthropic institutions are scattered over the city. The Leeds people have a very tender regard for their "medical charities." In succour of these they persistently tax their pleasures. Galas, sacred Sunday concerts, and football matches are regularly organised; crowds round band stands in the parks hand over their spare coppers to the ubiquitous collectors; and managers of amateur theatricals consign their surpluses to the same benevolent ends.

Statistics prove that the general health of Leeds is rather better than that of some of the other large cities of the kingdom, although the figures for the plague-spots would, if taken alone, make the sanitarian sigh. The "lungs" of the city are not to be found in its centre, but rather near its borders. Chief of these recreation grounds, and proudest of all the municipal possessions, is Roundhay Park, a finely wooded demesne 774 acres in extent, situated about three miles from the heart of the



MR. HERBERT S. BAINES, EDITOR OF THE "LEEDS MERCURY"
Photo by HESLOP WOODS, Leeds

city. The Corporation purchased the Park from the trustees of the late owner in 1872 for the sum of £140,000. From the terrace of the Mansion House, now used as an hotel, a vast stretch of undulating scenery rolls to the horizon, and down in the foreground lie two large lakes, which in summer are gay with boating parties, and in winter with skaters and curlers. Woodhouse Moor, upon the breezy heights of Headingley, is second in importance. Not many years ago it was a great bald shoulder of the hill, with but the scanty bloom that Nature seemed to give with a grudge ; now it is striped with asphalt walks, planted with trees, brightened with flower-pots, and lit all over with gas at night. There is in Leeds another haunt for a leisure hour which must be more reverently approached. The grounds of Kirkstall Abbey have lately been laid out for the public recreation, and the Abbey itself has just emerged, safe and taut, from the architect's care, stripped for the nonce of its beautiful but destructive mantle of ivy, but free from the tottering symptoms which long threat-

ened its downfall. This picturesque ruin carries the mind back for seven centuries to the days of Henry de Lacy, who founded it in 1147, and brought hither a colony of Cistercian monks from Fountains when it was opened in 1152. There for hundreds of years it stood in solitary grandeur on the banks of the pellucid Aire, with no blackening taint of industry to mar the prospect, save, perhaps, Kirkstall Forge, said to be the oldest establishment of the kind in the country, whose furnaces were blazing in the Middle Ages. In 1889 Colonel North purchased the Abbey and grounds from the late Earl of Cardigan for £10,000, and handed it over as a present to the Corporation of his native town. The river Aire in these latter days is sadly altered from its pristine state ; its only rival in Stygian quality being the Irwell at Manchester.

The religious life of Leeds is active in all its aspects and creeds. Nonconformity flourishes with the vigour characteristic of all Yorkshire industrial towns ; the Church of England, numerically much weaker than the aggregate



BRIGGATE, LEEDS

of the dissenting bodies, dominates by her prestige and power; the Roman Catholics include among their possessions the cathedral of St. Anne's, and the seat of a Bishop; and the Jews—of whom there are no fewer than 8,000 in Leeds, mostly engaged in the clothing and boot and shoe trade—have their synagogues. The Parish Church of Leeds has many of the attributes of a cathedral. The musical service here is superior to that of any of our northern minsters. "A nursery for bishops" is the not inapt description sometimes applied to the Leeds Parish Church. Its pulpit is generally vacated for the episcopal throne. Five of its vicars have been elevated to the charge of as many sees, the latest couple, being Dr. Talbot the

new Bishop of Rochester, and his predecessor, Dr. Jayne, Bishop of Chester. In material as in spiritual welfare the inhabitants of Leeds are to the front among the city communities of the country. The retrospect reveals

many things lacking in the civic amenities proper to a large town; but there is much political small-talk just now about a "New Era" in local administration. Alone among the great municipalities, Leeds was until quite recently

without a single set of public baths; during the last two years, however, the authorities have made ample amends for that deficiency. In its tramway service the town has been sadly behind the times, yet in two giant strides it has stepped into the very van of progress. First the tramways were municipalised, and next a general system of electrical traction was sanctioned; so that within a few months' time the hideous steam cars will be but a nightmarish memory of the past, and lighter and brighter



THE RIGHT HON. W. L. JACKSON, M.P., MAYOR OF LEEDS

Photo by DONALD MACIVER, Leeds

conveyances will be seen gliding along the streets. In this, as in many other matters, the old order is giving place to the new, and there is none to gainsay the good that comes of the change.

Golf on the Norman Coast

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER, Author of "Bootes' Baby," "Grip," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



HE last time that I was in England I took up in an idle moment a little book called "The Sorrows of a Golfer's Wife," by Mrs. Edward Kennard. I did not put it down until it was finished, and when I did so it was with the distinct intention of writing at once to my ink-stained sister and telling her that, of all the work her busy pen has ever produced, this unpretentious "Sorrows of a Golfer's Wife" was the one which had gone right HOME in its trenchant, vivid, terrible fidelity of realism.

If, however, those were my feelings then, they have since that time become intensified a million times; for during the period which has intervened my spouse has been mainly occupied in laying out a golf-green on the cliffs just outside the quaint old Norman town of Dieppe, and in experiencing the secretarial delights of a new golf club. My dear author of "The Sorrows of a Golfer's Wife," I shake hands with you across the Channel, and feel that you need no further explanation of my sentiments at this moment! You have been there, and I am there now! Let us hope that the end of both of us will be peace!

Up to the present time I, personally, am not an ardent golfer—or, as they would call me here in Dieppe a "Gulf-euse," for French people, and a few Frenchified English people, too, will persist in calling the game "Gulf." But I have eyes to see with and ears which hear most things, and I am saturated, soaked, steeped in golf. I say almost daily to the partner of my joys and sorrows, "What are you going to do to-day?" and his reply is invariably the same, and is given in an apologetic tone, such as might be worn out by this time, "Well, if you don't want me, I was thinking—"

"All right," I hasten to say; "you'll be back by dinner-time, I suppose."

It I have an evening engagement he is not unfrequently dead-beat. At *déjeuner* time he is generally deep in secretarial work "for the club," and our talk is tinged—tinged, no, I mean indelibly dyed—with golf. My only idea of a new gown is a Norfolk jacket of sealing-wax-red box-cloth, with collar and cuffs of the darkest rifle green, and at the point of each collar lappel a D.G.C. badge, the arms of Dieppe done in green and red enamel. My only idea of a tie is green and red in bars; my only idea of a head-covering a smart sailor hat with ribbon and badge complete. I ought to join the League of Short Skirts, for between my own love for cycling and my being imbued with an idea that all our life must be ruled and regulated by the necessities of golf, I don't think I shall ever have a gown of ordinary walking length again. "Yes, get them soled and heeled; they will be so nice and easy for golf," is a common phrase in our house.

My own enthusiasms tend cyclewards, but I know that eventually cycling will pale before the glory of golf, and that in the end I shall give up everything for the sake of a little white ball and a bag full of iron-ended sticks. I have for the moment, and in self-protection, positively and absolutely forbidden golf to be so much as mentioned on my "at home" day, or when I give any little entertainment to my friends. King Canute had not harder work to stem the rising tide than I apparently had to still the golfing babble that arose whenever two or threes were gathered together under my humble roof; but in the end I did it, and I did it alone. For I hit upon the ingenious plan of nipping golf talk in the bud by the application of home-truths.

Yet the respite was but for the time. I know that I shall go under the spell one day, and probably in a time not far distant; for only a few days ago, when there was a chance of a Westward-Ho

player with a handicap of 2 coming to play over the links, I experienced a sharp, fierce thrill of excitement shooting right through my heart, the heart which I had hitherto firmly believed to be impervious to any sensations known to the golfing world. And since then unwelcome and unwonted recollections come over me every now and again, of what a dead long-distance shot I used to be in the old croquet days, and—and—I can feel myself slipping inch by inch, day by day, downwards towards that precipice over which golf-madness lies.

But for the actual moment I am still

France as it is in England, and another very effective bond of amity between the nations would be thereby created.

So far as Dieppe is concerned, no greater proof of a desire to please the English tastes could possibly have been shown than was done when a number of hard-headed Normans put down the money necessary for the formation of these links. The Norman character is acquisitive rather than open-handed; the local knowledge of the game was absolutely *nil*, and, in a word, the entire club has been founded on trust, pure and simple.



VIEW FROM WEST END ALONG CLIFF

Photo by BARNES, Dieppe

safe, and excepting the baby, the only unbiased member of a large household; for the children play golf in the garden, and look upon it as a personal insult that persons under sixteen are not admitted to membership of the club; and while I am sane, I wish to put on record what I have gathered out of the mass of golfing talk which has lately filtered through my unwilling ears.

First of all, that the Golf Club of Dieppe is the first in France which has been established entirely with French money, a fact which may be regarded as being one of almost international importance, for if the example is followed, golf may become as popular in

Personally I was responsible for a great deal of this, for I knew the value of the game, and the immense disadvantage it was to Dieppe to be entirely out of the running for want of a golf green, and during the first year of my sojourn here, I never ceased to impress upon the people of Dieppe that the disadvantage was a very real and vital one. When I had demonstrated this also in the local press, I had the satisfaction of seeing the founding of a Golf Company undertaken by the present chairman, Monsieur Charles Delarue, one of the most influential men in the town. From that moment the erection of the club was assured. I must confess that at first

I felt myself turning sick with apprehension when I heard the word golf, or found myself straying to the green. Now, however, I am at peace with myself, for if the opinion of those who thoroughly know the game under every aspect may be taken as any criterion, the Dieppe golf green is one which a year or two hence will be second to none in Europe.

It lies within a mile of the town, on the Pourville Road, and, by the bye, I may say here, that golfers can cycle a good part of the way up, and can get a delicious spin back into the town again.

It is situated on the top of the cliffs, just beyond the Château, and commands lovely views of sea and coast, and the fantastically undulating ground—for there is not a level spot on the entire green—gives the player endless variety and exercise over what is nearly always (thanks to the chalk subsoil and natural drainage) a dry course throughout. The council have adopted an excellent plan in order to make the way easy for strangers who wish to play, and to prevent the waste of time attendant on having to search for an introducing member, for all members of other clubs can obtain vouchers for temporary membership from the proprietors of the principal hotels at the extremely low cost of five francs (four shillings) per week. Non-players are admitted to the ground and club at half-fees, and, as the golf club will evidently be the fashionable afternoon rendezvous, the non-players will probably be a great factor in the success of the new enterprise. Indeed, already some fears are mooted that the club will be more tea party than golf; but even if that should be so, golfers will have some compensation in the fact that ladies play only in the afternoons and pay only half fees.

The club-house is most conveniently placed close to the entrance gate, and has a wide verandah terrace facing the sea and greens, where seats, chairs, and tables serve to keep the non-players congregated together. In the middle of the house is a large refreshment room, where the necessary catering is attended to by the proprietor of the Grand Hotel. On either side are ladies' and gentlemen's rooms amply provided

with lockers and usual fittings. At one end are the professional's and the ground-man's rooms, where all manner of golf requisites are kept on sale.

"But what about the game, what is the course like?" I think I hear a golfing reader demand.

The first teeing-ground and the last putting-green are immediately opposite to the club-house, so that the visitor begins and ends his play without any unnecessary passing over the ground.

The first putting-green displays itself most temptingly within about 150 yards due west of the teeing-ground, at the top of a steep slope forming one side of a ravine, which must be crossed, and in this ravine, by the way, I may mention that a small pond lies almost in the direct line of play. They say that this pond is already paved with golf balls, and that the Council are thinking of inviting tenders for a concession to clear the pond whenever it is necessary.

Hole No. 2 is some 350 yards further westward, with the crown of the hill and a frowning bunker between it and the teeing-ground. The way is rough and rather stony, but doubtless in time these qualities will cease to offend. Even now it is an attractive hole for a true golfer, who will reach the green in three; but woe betide the player who deviates from the exact course he should follow, for his troubles may be legion; a rough-banked pond faces him at some forty yards from the tee, a highway and small quarry lie on his left, while on the right is the edge of the cliff in which two mighty gorges threaten his peace. Apparently anything may happen here, once the ball is sliced. To say the least of it, it is a fine point for conversation!

But No. 3 is enough to soothe the most ruffled feelings. To avoid the cliff, the teeing-ground is placed some distance eastward from the second green, and the hole is in full view, most invitingly placed within reach of a good drive—or what seems so. But not every player can land a ball 200 yards in one stroke, and the innocent looking valley, which here sweeps between tee and hole, makes many a player less certain of having found too easy a hole at last.

Then comes a sheer up-hill drive, still

eastward, to No. 4, with a formidable bunker calculated to spoil any but a first class shot. It is a point for conversation again, but with judgment and good luck, the hole is done in four.

The fifth teeing-ground is in the north-east corner of the ground, perched well up aloft. The view from this point commands league upon league of lovely country, picturesque cliff, and sparkling sea, and is supremely beautiful. The green lies far down in the valley to the south-west, and is hidden by a spur from the high ground on the south. The drive is a superb one; only a bad stroke will cause the long bunker below and the half valley beyond to stay the progress of the player. But the green itself, with its embanked sides, is one of the most "kittle" of all to approach with success, and often neutralises the most magnificent of drives.

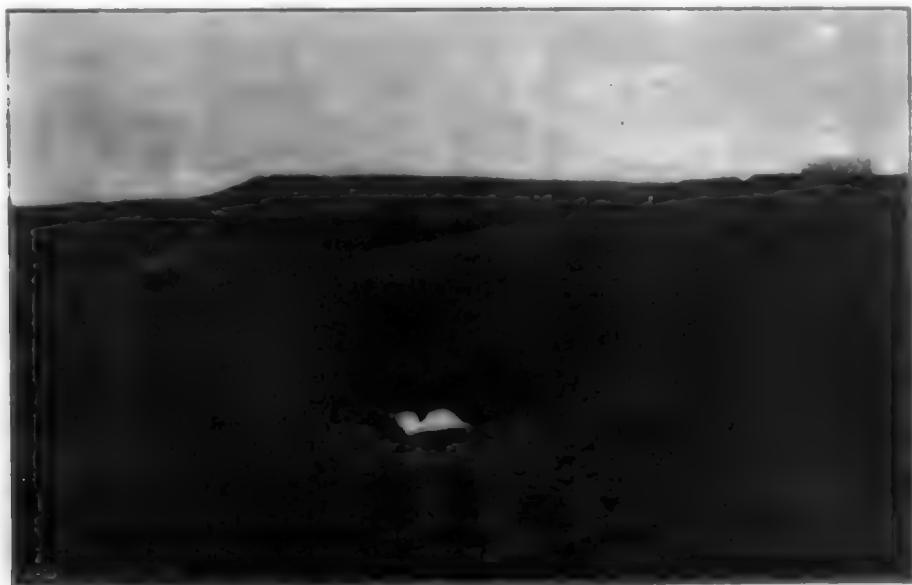
The sixth teeing-ground lies on a shelf well up the opposite side of the valley, whence the player drives eastward over the valley, hill-top, and bunker, through the very centre of the ground, to a wide-spreading green not far from No. 4—altogether a perfect hole for a fine player.

The seventh teeing-ground lies between greens Nos. 4 and 6, and the hole is in the lowest part of the valley close to the cliff—a pleasant downhill ap-

proach, but exposed to cross play from the third tee.

No. 8 is, perhaps, the most fascinating hole on the course. From a tee perched just high enough up the opposite slope to command a fair view, the seldom-achieved object is to drive well over the steep hillside in front, whereon no ball will rest save by accident. Thence the object is to reach the distant green in the extreme south-east corner of the ground in safety, the course crossing two other lies. There be those who protest against the position of this hole and No. 7, as an obvious attempt to make demands on the handsome medicine-chest thoughtfully provided in the club-house. Only the desire to play nine holes and the decision that two greens, originally approached along the edge of the cliff, were too exasperating to ordinary players, make the present arrangement necessary or justifiable. But so far these holes have yielded ample excitement, but no casualties; all have safely reached the ninth teeing-ground—whence the final "way to glory" is easy, if the last bunker is warily approached.

And these are what they call "sporting links"! I do not wonder; but I do wonder whether I shall ever win my way to golfing glory over this golf green on the Norman Coast.



NO. 1 PLAYING GREEN

Photo by BARNES, Dieppe

The Will of God

WRITTEN BY J. W. BRESLIN. ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. HARTRICK

GLENDADE is a little community nestling, forgotten of the world, in one of the many glens which furrow the rolling western slopes of the Galtees; some half-dozen straggling cottages, a dreary chapel shut in from the road by sombre trees, a farmhouse gleaming dazzlingly white against a clump of laurel, and the inevitable prim constabulary barrack. Men and women at work about their doors, or in the steep patches of mountain meadow, can look down on the rich pastures and clustering trees of the plain below, and, in fine weather, see, miles away, a silvery haze which is the Shannon; but it is with indifferent eyes as upon another and unknown world, for the little townland lies apart in almost utter isolation, lonely with that air of brooding melancholy which is so common in rural Ireland. A rare cart rumbles heavily up or down the steep road, heard long before and after it passes through the village. The voices of the men and women are pitched low, and seldom raised save in the agony of grief or parting, and the shouts and laughter of the few children young enough to be left to play sound faint and far-off through the resonant silence of the still, clear air.

Here Dennis Hinckey and his wife had lived all their days, bright and hopeful, black and despairing. The fleeting years had brought them much of joy and more of grief as they saw their children grow up the boast of the countryside, only to pass in turn from the little smoke-browned cabin into the wide world beyond. Proud were they of the fine young men and handsome girls who went out from them to make their fortunes; but the hand of God was heavy on them. To their simple hearts it seemed as a punishment for too great loving pride that soon or late, but

never very late, came news that the absent ones were lost to them for ever. Patrick, the eldest, died in America of the "ague"; Eileen sickened in Dublin for her native mountain air, and returned only to linger out some few brief months; Larry, and Norah, and Con all died before they were thirty; and now there were left to them only Dennis and Mary. Mary was a fine handsome girl of nineteen, the boast of the townland, full of life and spirit, and the first in every diversion and devilment in the countryside. She was cited as an example to all the girls, and pointed out as a prize for the lucky man who should get her. Dennis, her senior by some three years, was up in Dublin at the constabulary training dépôt. He had been readily accepted for his fine physique and quick intelligence; and it was a great source of pride to his father and mother to look round on the periodic assembling of the neighbours to hear read the letters detailing his experiences in the big city. For over a year the letters came punctually as the days upon which they were expected; then there was a break. The days grew into weeks, and the speculation in the village was rising with each day into more fantastic regions. Dennis and Norah hoped on, making excuses for their son that they might not hear the whispering fear in their hearts. They attributed the delay to the mighty work there must be on the poor boy "beyant," or to a young man's want of "divarsion" after it all. At length a letter came. Little Paddy Hughes brought it from the Post Office in Ballinvreena: a long blue envelope, mighty grand, with a big seal in scarlet wax on the back of it. The boy flaunted it in the face of everyone he met, proclaiming it "for ould Dennis, all the way from young Dinny in Dublin." He, too,

keenly realised the importance conferred upon him as the bearer of such an imposing letter to rashly destroy it by wanton haste, and it was only after a

"larnin'" and the mastery of the crabbed mystery of the written word. A hubbub among the children round the door announced his arrival, and he swung himself in on his crutches, and was given the place of honour in the chimney-corner. The letter was handed to him and he read the address: "Mr. Dennis Hinchey, Glenade, Ballinvreena Post Office, County Tipperary," then turned the envelope over and examined the seal, a crown in the centre with the letters R.I.C. about it.

"That's what's on the stones in the graveyard," interjected Paddy Hughes. "What do they put them on a litter for, at all, at all?"

"You're a fine boy to be at school for three years," said Tom with scathing sarcasm. "It's not the same thing by any rason in the world," and he carefully explained the difference to his admiring auditory.

The letter was opened, and Tom stumbled slowly down the printed heading to—

"Dear Sir,

"I am directed to

inform you that your son Dennis is at present, and has been for some weeks past, confined to hospital. He is unable to communicate with you himself, and, considering his grave state, it is advisable that you or some member of his family should endeavour to come to Dublin, as it is feared that his illness may develop more serious symptoms.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant," but the signature was beyond the power of Tom to decipher.



"AT LAST A LETTER CAME"

deliberate and often-interrupted progress from house to house through the village that the letter reached Norah's hands.

Mary was sent in hot haste to call her father, who, however, had already heard the news, and came hurrying in with the rest of the neighbours. The letter was passed from hand to hand while they waited the coming of lame Tom Sheehy, who was to read it to him. He was the only cripple in the village, and, by reason of his infirmity, the only man who had found time to devote to

The reading of the letter was too great an event to be lightly interrupted, but there were many wondering exclamations ere he came to the close, and the full import of the ominous message dawned on his hearers. Dennis, conscious of the hopeless truth behind the formal words, and yet, by reason of this knowledge perhaps, unable to grasp their literal meaning, said quietly, "Read it all over agin, Tom." As the latter began again, Mary, who had realised the truth too clearly, rushed from the house in tears. Norah had made no sign, but at the second mention of her son she suddenly flung her apron over her face, and rocking to and fro broke into an agony of beseeching prayer. The women crowded round her in quiet sympathy, and whispered tearful comfort to her unheeding ears; while the men slipped out of the house in silence, and gathered in little knots on the roadside to discuss this new trouble of the Hincheys. Dennis sat dazed in the chimney-corner, from time to time lifting a coal to light his neglected pipe. Norah sobbed convulsively through unending eulogy of her son, till at length Dennis rising abruptly said to her, "Norah, woman, come out of this, and come down to Father Carrigan's with me."

Poor people, it was beyond their means to raise the money necessary to take them to the capital; and, in truth, fatalism and deep-seated aversion to change would go far to prevent them, even were it possible. It would be indeed a great convulsion which could tear them from the narrow bounds of Glenade; and it was hopeless to struggle against the will of God. So Father Carrigan wrote to Dublin for them; and after not many days came another stiff official letter, with pity speaking lamely through the formal phrases, telling them that Dennis was dead. To Mary and Norah it was the cause of long and bitter weeping; but the days went by, taking with them the first bitter poignancy of their sorrow, and left them following their life much as of old: Mary wild and mirthful, her mother steadily cheerful, but prone to tears at

mention of her children. Dennis went on stolidly with his work, taciturn and careless of the outer world, with bare greeting and no bright word for the neighbours, for the trouble was heavy on him; but in all the country-side there was no greater favourite with the children. Wholly trusting, yet half shy, they would trot after him through the fields for hours, or nestle in beside him in the fireplace, and seemed content to look up to his grave face, or feel his big rough hand gently stroking their little brown ones.

In time, the death of Dennis took place with other old, half-forgotten, sad memories; and Mary, who was now in service at the "big house" at the end of the glen below, came to be the centre of much match-making gossip. It was known to all the neighbours that Neal Brien had forsaken the ball-play, the wrestling, and the cards, and was seen evening after evening striding down the steep road in the direction of the big house; and on Sunday evenings he and Mary were the couple most often missed from the gatherings of the neighbours. They turned aside the joking questions with a laugh, but none the less the matter was well settled to the satisfaction of all in the townland; and at length it was officially made public that Mary had been asked for on behalf of Neal, that the offer had been accepted, and that the marriage was to be on Sunday three weeks.

Mary had come home to stay, and she went about the place with a ready reply to all the merry banter, and bringing a never-failing fund of health and spirits to the work and play of the little community. A few days before the wedding, however, she complained of feeling unwell. A cruel inward voice whispered forebodings to Norah, but she stifled it valiantly. "The cratur's workin' too hard, entirely. Sure, she's only a slip of a girl yet," and she administered some country cure which seemed to give relief. The next day Mary felt no better, but she said nothing to her mother, and went about her work as usual, and in the evening stepped over to a neighbour's house, where there was to



"'TELL NEAL, FATHER, I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE HIM AGAIN'"

be a dance. When she returned she drew something from her pocket, and examined it furtively with her back to her mother. She replaced it with a stifled sob.

"What's the matter, childie?" asked Norah anxiously.

VOL. VI., NEW SERIES.—JUNE, 1898.

"Nothing, mother; I'm tired a bit with the dancin'. Sure, we had the height of fun, and would have kept it up till mornin', only ould Biddy turned us out with a stick because Paddy Hughes upset the creel on top of the ould settin'

hin. What wi' the laughin' and dancin', I'm tired over and over agin."

When she had gone to her bed, Dennis asked, "Do you think there's anything the matter with Mary, Norah?"

"What's be the matter with her," replied his wife curtly, "but to be tired out? Sure, boys and girls'd danced thimselves to pieces if there was nothing to stop them."

"Sure, it's not the aven timper you've got to-night, Norah, dear," said Dennis, smiling, as he thought his wife would have little reason for anger if she shared his first doubts, though in truth her indignant denial of the possibility of anything being amiss was but a mere attempt to smother her own rising fears.

The following day, when her father had gone to his work, Mary sat down listlessly by the fire with some sewing in her hand. Her mother moved in and out of the house attending to the fowls and goats for some time without noticing her, and at length made some smiling remark as to her pre-occupation with the great event of the morrow.

"There'll be no weddin' to-morra," answered Mary with a deep earnestness which arrested her startled mother on the threshold.

"No weddin' to-morra. Sure now, you're not goin' to put the go-bye on him at the last minit."

"No, mother; but there'll be no weddin' to-morra."

"And what's the rason, at all, at all?"

Mary made no immediate reply, but drew from her pocket a handkerchief marked with stains, some dry and dull, others wet and bright and crimson.

With one long cry Norah flung her arms round her child, straining her wildly to her as if to ward away the threatening peril; and thus sunk in each other's arms mother and daughter sobbed at the too-well-known signs of parting. In a little while Dennis came into the house. He asked no questions, but his grave face grew yet graver as he made the sign of the cross and fell on his knees before the tiny shrine of the Virgin above the bed-place. They, too, ceased their lament to join him with all the fervour of simple faith and deep

affection in appeal to the placid fair face of her who felt so long ago the same greatest human sorrow.

When they rose from their knees, Mary said, "Tell Neal, father. I can't bear to see him again."

"It'll be hard on the poor boy," was all her father's answer as he left the house.

Neal was carting at the other end of the village, and he listened to the news in silence and went on with his work. When Dennis turned away, a young lad said lightly, "Sure, it's a great pity; she's a fine girl. But there's no loss on you, Neal: there's many a better left that'll give you no great trouble to put the comether on."

Before the lad was aware of having given offence, Neal had him by the throat, and would have strangled him if the other men had not pulled him away. He flung them off, and, speeding rapidly across the fields, burst into Dennis's cabin, crying, "It's a lie they're tellin' me, me own darlin'. Sure, you're as well and strong as the best of them; but the sight of his sweetheart lying back pale and listless in the chimney-corner and staring at him with half-pitying, half-heedless eyes, stopped him like a blow, and the poor fellow dropped on his knees, crying like a child.

Mary spoke to him gently: "Don't, Neal, dear, you'll hurt yoursilf, and it can't be helped. It's the heavy sorrow that's comin' on us; but you're well and hearty, and the whole long life of the world is to you. I'm only a girl. I'm losin' all I ever cared for, but I can't ask you now to keep your word to me."

"O, Mary, don't talk that way. Sure I wouldn't give your little finger for all the girls in Ireland; and, by God, I'll marry you in spite of it all, and I'll cure you and make you as well and better than the best of them."

"It isn't you or me that'll be doin' any good talkin' that way," answered Mary; then with a sudden revolt of youth and all its hopes against impending fate, she broke into shrill outcry, "O, Holy Mother of God, I don't want to die," bringing on a violent paroxysm which drove Neal distracted from the house.

At first stunned and stupid under the unexpected shock to his happiness, remembrance of the painful scene he had just witnessed roused him to unwonted



"'WRONG, MA'AM!' HE CRIED, BREATHLESS"

mental efforts. Schemes and projects, each wilder than the other, jostled and stumbled through his brain. As he looked round strangely on all the familiar landmarks, his eyes chanced to catch a gleam where the sun smote a roof half-hidden in the trees far below. A sudden wild hope sprang up within him, and, flinging off his lethargy, he ran to where he had been working, unharnessed a horse, mounted, and went galloping madly down the road bound for the big house. When nearing it, he saw its mistress walking up the avenue. He threw himself off the reeking beast, and raced across the intervening fields and lawn to intercept her. The lady happened to catch sight of him, and turned, and came back to meet him.

"What is the matter, Neal—is there anything wrong?"

"Wrong, ma'am," he cried breathless, "Mary's took the sickness, and I want the doctor for her."

"I'm truly sorry. Poor girl! I'll send a man across for Dr. Burke at once."

"To the devil with 'im. I don't want him at all. I want the big doctor that came to the master whin he had the feaver. O, ma'am, for the love of Hivin, tell him to come quick!"

The lady stood amazed at his vehemence, and he, misunderstanding her silence, burst out :

"I know it's the big money he'll be wantin'; but I've enough, thanks be to God, and I've as fine a flock of lambs as you'll see anywhere. I'll give the coat off me back, but I want Mary to get better."

"Hush, hush, Neal. I'll do all I can for you. I'll send for the doctor, and, perhaps, if he can get her to the seaside for a while, she may get over it. Don't trouble, Neal, I will do all I can."

Neal straightened himself, and new hope—nay, certainty itself—flashed from his eyes. He took the lady's hand in both his with a grasp which made her wince.

"B'the powers of Hivin, ma'am, I'd lie down and let you trample on me if I thought it'd save you an inch of dirty road."

• • • •

The doctor came, but gave no clear answer, at least to Dennis and Neal, who listened to him anxiously and strove to interpret hope from his uncertain and half-understood words. Mary was sent to the seaside, but she wearied for the narrow cabin and wild-scented breath of the mountain winds blowing in at the open door, and she was brought home, almost content, though condemned to

her bed to wait the end. She drifted gently through the long summer days, and when the mountainside was all scented with the breath of the new-mown hay the end was very nigh.

Norah kept unceasing, tireless watch about her, and Dennis was in and out of the house all day long on every trivial excuse, to which she listened with sad, smiling face, only to sigh when he turned away. Neal had long realised the hopelessness of hope, and with hope went his first rebellious outbreaks, leaving a strange, sad quietude which was almost happiness. He would sit for hours beside her, telling her all the fun and gossip of the village with an infinite invention of quaint humour, or often, silent, with interchange of looks which spoke in this rough man and peasant girl the pure eternal strength of love refined by sorrow to its greatest lustre.

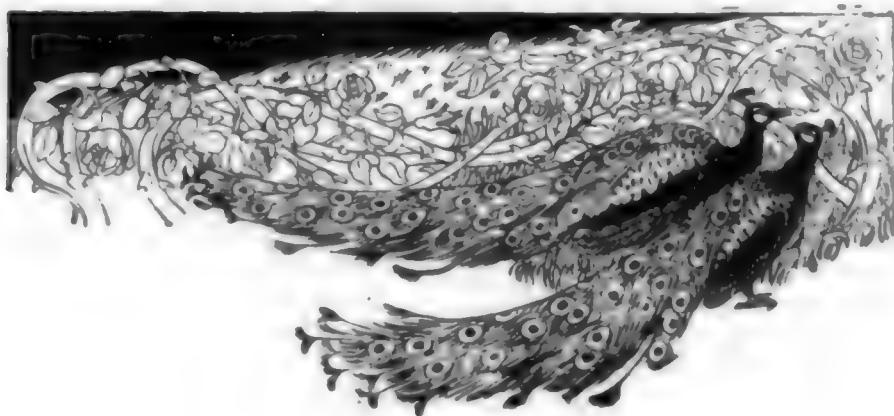
One day Dennis happened to be building a stack close to the house, and he was continually coming in on the plea that it was powerful hot, and that it was cooler to wait each new load in the shade of the house. The air was drowsy and everything seemed asleep in the sun. The shrill grating of the scythe-stones, the chance cries of the workers,

the creak of the toiling carts, sounded faint and far off, and as if from beyond the sultry stillness. Within the house was a still deeper silence. Dennis sat half in the shadow of the door, and Norah dreamed by the fireside, where a pale red glow died out slowly under the grey crumbling ashes. Mary lay still, looking out at the shimmering fields, a new look in her eyes, a vague happiness on her face as at desire attained in peace; and it was perhaps only in her mother's heart that Norah heard a gentle sigh. She looked up uneasily, and saw the thin white hand, which had been twisting and untwisting among the fringes of the bed-covering, hanging limp and heedless. She gave one wild scream, and broke into passionate weeping, a torrent of beseeching, heart-broken prayer.

"Mary, childie, my girleen, come back to your own poor mother! Mary, Mary, Mary!"

Dennis started from his seat. A moment the fire of a great agony burned in his dull eyes; then going to his wife he put his arm round her shoulder.

"Hush, Norah," and he drew her gently to her knees before the little shrine; "it is the will of God."



A Border Shot, and his Pedigree

TIME was, when the short cut to fame and wealth for the stalwart young Scottish Borderer was to buckle spur and shoulder spear, and ride into England "to take a prey." We have changed all that. There is no more harrying of byres and burning of peel and barmekin between the neighbours. In these milder times the ambitious young marksman from the north side of the Cheviots takes, instead, his Lee-Metford and the train for Bisley. The road thither is, to him, what the road to London has been said to be to his countrymen in general—the nearest way to fortune and reputation. If he makes his mark there, he is sure that the eyes of at least all "brither Scots" will be upon him. His name will be bruited abroad through the remotest nooks of the Highlands and Lowlands. In his native burgh or village he becomes a hero, to be greeted on his return with the spoils of victory, like a conqueror. He is for a time the national champion.

Beyond all doubt, last year's Scottish champion shot is Armourer-Sergeant James H. Scott, of the Border Rifles. His record as a marksman, considering his age and experience, is perhaps unexampled. Every year since first, some ten or eleven years ago, he took part, as a youth of eighteen, in volunteer shooting competitions, he has kept moving steadily and rapidly to the front. Too long it were to tell the tale of records made and prizes won. Is it not all written in the books of the chronicles of Volunteer marksmanship? Sergeant Scott can himself point with modest pride to the proofs of his prowess, with small-bore and revolver, as well as with rifle, that adorn, in the shape of medals and trophies, the walls of his sitting-room looking out upon the Old Cross of Melrose. In the past season he has out-

done himself. He has carried off a sheaf of honours from the chief Scottish competitions; and while, to the great disappointment of his countrymen, he failed to bear away the Blue Ribbon of Bisley, he has done more—he has deserved it. He failed by two points to become the Queen's prizeman of the year. But he won the Silver Medal in the second stage, and he tied for the Bronze Medal in the first.

Thus Armourer-Sergeant Scott has done great things, and is expected to do things yet greater, in front of the butts. But not alone on account of his steady nerve and straight shooting is his career watched with affectionate pride and interest by those who know him. Among his trophies of victory he has given a place of honour to a sprig of withered heather, presented to him, in the name of his native country and district by an enthusiastic old gentlewoman, hailing from Tweedside, who, last June, travelled down daily from London to Bisley Heath to watch the shooting and the progress of her champion. Not unfitly on that occasion she represented the young marksman's "auld respected mither," Scotland, and the heather we may recognise as an emblem of the strand of romance that mingles in the success of this "clansman of the bould Buccleuch." Sir Walter would have rejoiced over Sergeant Scott's laurels; he would have hailed him as a neighbour and member of his ancient Border Clan, and as something more, for, as has been indicated, the winner of the Silver Medal has been born and reared under the shadow of the cleft Eildons, and of the grey old Abbey which the author of "The Lay" and "The Monastery" has surrounded with his wondrous halo of romance. He is of the ancient and manly craft of the smiths or armourers, and the ring of hammer on anvil may, perhaps, have

been heard on the spot where his workshop stands, ever since the Cistercian monks were planted on this beautiful nook of Tweedside.

Soon after his Bisley exploits had brought his name into notice, a paragraph went the round of the press to the effect that the old Abbey Smithy had been "in the possession of his forefathers for seven hundred years." Of course there has been no such miracle of heredity cleaving to a single craft and spot. The story has arisen from a misapprehension of the real facts. But these facts themselves are at least as curious and worthy of record. The sergeant is only of the third generation of the Scots who have made the sparks fly in the ancient Monks' Smithy. They came from the Vale of Ettrick, which, as all Scotsmen know, is one of the great strongholds of the clan; and they settled in Melrose soon after Her Majesty began her reign. The sergeant's forefathers may well have been among the followers of Buccleuch, who held bloody parley at the Weeping Hill of Melrose, for possession of the father of Mary Stewart, or who shod horse or mended hauberk at the Abbot's Smithy, before riding with their chief on feuds against the Kers, or on foray across the Border. But this is unrecorded family history; it need but be said that the grandfather of the sergeant and his father (still living and hearty), have been, like himself, "grand hands with the gun," as well as with the hammer. The venerable-armourer's shop on the Coal Way has long ago been altered, without and within, out of all recognition, and its latest possessors have not been behind in adjusting their craft to changed times and conditions. A few stones are all that remain of the foundation of what is now only a receptacle for old metal, attached to the busy cycle-repairing premises of Messrs. Scott and Sons.

But Sergeant Scott has a closer and older ancestral association with the Abbey and its history. He is great-grandson of John Bower, the custodian (as was his father and grandfather before him), of the ruined monastic house, and the friend and the cicerone on many visits to the Abbey, of Sir Walter Scott. Bower—Johnny Bower, as he was fami-

liarly known to generations of Melrose youth who stood in righteous fear of his guardianship of his charge—was no ordinary caretaker. He was the historian as well as the proud and intelligent "showman of the ruins." He possessed literary tastes and acquirements remarkable in a man who was self-taught. His sketches of the Abbey ruins, of which an example is given from the series of original drawings in the possession of his descendants, manifest not only marvellous care and fidelity, but notable skill with the pencil. Some of them he etched or engraved on copper himself, for his "Description of the Abbey"; and it may be mentioned that a son of John's became one of the best-known of Scottish engravers on steel, and that a share of this, as of other traits and talents of Bower, has come down to a third generation.

As may be imagined, John Bower was a man of marked character, that took tone and colour from the grand old ruins in which his life was spent. Something of his personality, and of that of Sir Walter, is expressed in his interview with Washington Irving (recorded in Lockhart's "Life") who was a guest at Abbotsford and visited the Abbey while Scott was busy with "Rob Roy." The genial author of "Knickerbocker" had "much talk with old Bower," who was "eager to enlighten in all things the Sheriff's friends."

"He'll come here sometimes," said Johnny, "with great folks in his company, and the first I'll know of it is his voice callin' out 'Johnny! Johnny Bower!' and when I go out, I'm sure to be greeted with a joke or a pleasant word. He'll stand and crack an' laugh wi' me just like an auld wife—and to think that of a man that has such an awfu' knowledge o' history!"

These are old memories. But the name of Johnny Bower is still fresh in Melrose, where it is cherished by the "old residents" who, as boys, have been hunted by him while making raids on the Abbey apple-trees, or playing pranks in the church-yard; and it is a subject of just pride with his descendants. Memorials of his reign are the rusty old keys and locks of the Abbey wax-cellars and other monkish receptacles, still preserved by the household in the Coal Road; and, yet more in-

teresting, a half-length portrait of the faithful custodian, done in oils, as the inscription on the back bears, by "Frederick Waldeck, from Germany," in 1813—four years earlier than Irving's visit. The painter was a French prisoner—"one of the German Legion,"—and there is a forgotten story attached to this not very brilliant work of art, which one would wish, but must wish in vain, to decipher.

The dwelling of John Bower was not the present Abbey gate-house, but the dilapidated cottage, now almost buried under rank creepers, and hidden by orchard trees, in the corner of the old Cloister garth. It is marked for destruction, like other comparatively modern houses that still, as in Dorothy Wordsworth's day, somewhat mar and obscure the view of the Abbey. Here came the strapping young smith, Armourer-Sergeant Scott's paternal grandfather (his other grandfather was a veteran who followed Sir John Moore to Corunna), to court and win Alice Bower. Old Bower himself had married one of the Doves of Bemersyde, a name almost as long connected with that historic locality as that of the Haigs themselves. And here opens another and still older chapter of the romance of the Scott family pedigree. For generations untold the Doves were retainers of the house of Bemersyde, and tenants of the smithy, which has a successor still standing near the gate of the ancient mansion where Haigs yet flourish after more than seven centuries of ownership. Perhaps the best-known of the redes of True Thomas is that which runs:—

"Tyde what'er betyd,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde."

The prophecy has helped to fulfil itself. Like the family tree, the old house that cast "a wizard spell" over Sir Walter—a tall grey tower attached to the modern mansion, and looking down through a screen of grand chestnut trees, upon Dryburgh Abbey, and the windings of Tweed past Old Melrose—is in good keeping. If Doves no longer weld iron at the gate of the Haigs, they have planted a healthy slip by the old Monks' Smithy beside Melrose Cross, not far from the murmuring of the stream that flows down through the Rhymer's Glen.

A prized relic of this ancient and curious family connection is a pair of embroidered silk slippers, but slightly worn, and bearing the impress of a shapely foot, which were found by an ancestress of Sergeant Scott, a maid at Bemersyde, in a recess of a wall in the old house, when repairs were being made a century or so ago. These, too, have their story, if one could but read it. They may have danced a measure when the news of Marlborough's victories came to hand; or tripped it in Holyrood when the Young Pretender came back, for a time, to his "own again."

Of the winner of the Silver Medal himself, few words need be said. He is of the best type of the Scottish Borderer. At all points he is worthy of his ancestry—a more modest Halbert Glendinning, with a dash of Hal o' the Wynd; a stalwart, frank, and manly young Scot, in whom the author of "Waverley" would have found the qualities of mind and body with which he endows his heroes. He will be heard of again.





LOGIE HOUSE

Thrums

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG

IT is to the Hill that the Thrums folk go when they wish to look forth upon the world beyond them. The climb thither, whichever way you take, is a more serious matter than that ascent of the Brae athwart the Comonty, of which it is written that boys ran up it at a breath, and that not until second childhood did it become again a steep and laborious journey. But "all

braes lead to the grave;" and this brae, if you take the eastward road by the tenements to Tillyloss, leads straight to the gate of the cemetery, which is planted on the edge of the hill, overlooking Thrums. As you mount, the little red town seems to settle deeper into the fold, or "lirk" of the hill, out of the bowels of which its houses have been built. For beside the cemetery is the



AVENUE LEADING TO LOGIE HOUSE

quarry; the cemetery itself, indeed, is in part an old quarry, and is carved into the side and crown of the red sandstone bluff, so that, as in Eastern cities, the dead may be said to be hidden in crannies of the rock, and are well "happed" besides, not only by turf and headstone, but by flowers and by shady trees and shrubs.

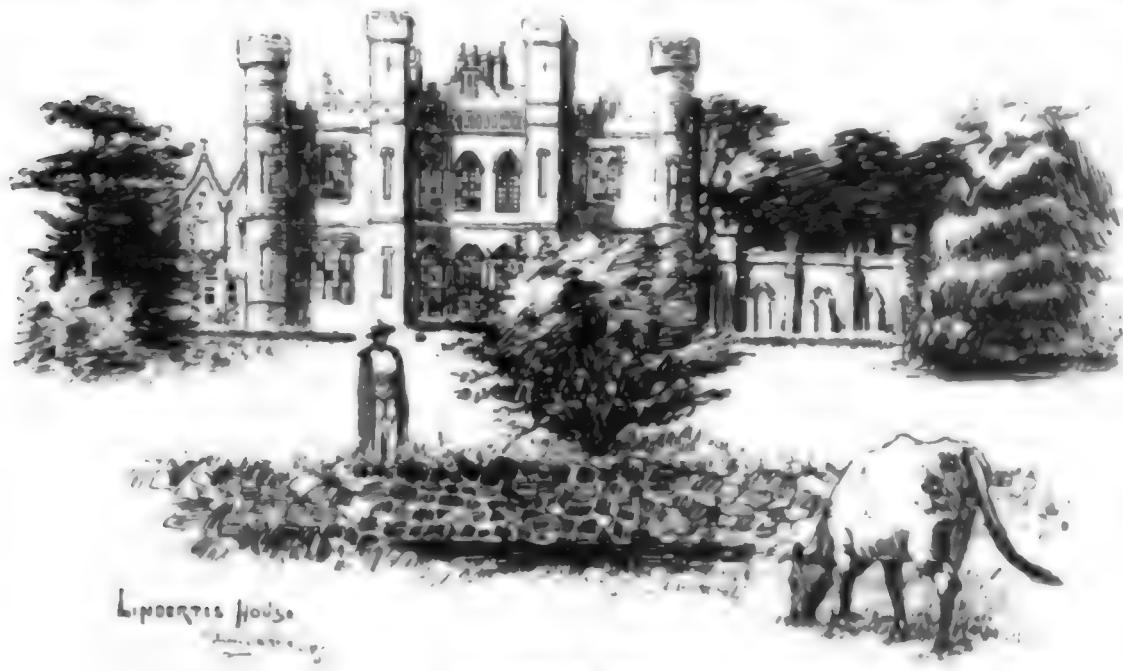
Here abide many Thrums memories, some of which will come readily to the minds of the readers of Mr. Barrie's books. Behind the cemetery is the market stane, the golf course also, and the great slab called the "Standing Stone"—the "Wishing Stane," or "Fairy Book of Thrums." To this windy hill-top have come untold generations of people to play or do business, in sunshine, or in rain and snow; to quarrel or to make love; to ask questions of fate; and, latterly, to lie down for a last rest. But, as has been said, it is chiefly to "take the air," and gaze abroad upon its subject territory and upon the "great world" of Strathmore, that Thrums in these days climbs up into its Pisgah. Behind the spires and the factory stalks can be descried the green slope of the

Commony, and crowning it, beside the dismal blank wall of a dissenting kirk, the white gable of the "House on the Brae" and even Jess's window. Stretching without visible limit towards the east and the west is the "Howe," or hollow, of the great Strath, dotted with white-fronted farmhouses and clumps of wood, and smeared here and there with the smoke of towns and hamlets. Opposite the sides of the Sidlaws rise like some vast embankment, crested by such landmarks as the Hill of Craigowl and Kinpurney and its ruined observatory, by the shadow of which the dwellers in the Strath still regulate their noonday rest. The great gale

of some years back has terribly wasted the forests of Strathmore: the plantations on both its slopes are but wrecks of their former selves, and some of the grandest of the trees that were the pride of Glamis, and Logie, and Lindertis, and Airlie have been laid low. But it is still a country beautifully diversified by timber. From Kirriemuir Hill one can make out something of the extent of the dark woods that shelter the magnificent old castle of



WOOD AT LINDERTIS



LINDERTIS HOUSE



SHOOTING AT LINDERTIS

the Thanes of Glamis at the base of the Sidlaws, some five miles away as the crow flies. Or looking athwart the buttresses of the Braes of Angus the eye ranges over the woodlands and moors of Kinnordy, the "Rashiebog" of the novels, to the beautiful tree-clad terraces and slopes of Lindertis, and behind these to where the "Kaims of Airlie" overlook the secluded den and the romantic nook at the meeting of the Melgum and the Isla, which holds the "Bonnie House," plundered and burned by the fause Argyll.

There is great temptation to linger on the Hill of Kirriemuir. Barrie's characters have a way of wandering up into this high place when there is romance or tragedy afoot. Jamie McQumpha, on his last home-coming, stole into Thrums, like an outcast spirit, by the road across the hill. Little Davy Angus toddled across its bumpy sward and slippery roots, the furze bushes plucking at her frock as if to stop her, on her way to the Whunny Hill and to death. On the Standing Stone sat Micah Dow when he spoke the weird of Babby; and in the hollow of the "Toad's

Hole," a stone cast off in the encampment of the wild Lindsays, she was married, over the tongs, to the Little Minister, while coming from different quarters upon the strange scene, revealed to them by the first lightning flash of the storm, the Dominie of Glenquharity, Rob Dow in his gig, Lord Kilgour and his friend, and the astonished elders of the Auld Licht Kirk looked on in horror.

The hill is a tableland, and its northern edge is fringed by Caddam, or Caldham, Wood—or rather it was once so fringed, for the great storm of 1892 has smitten the firs of Caddam, and the "Windy Gowl" is but a swampy track among upturned roots and prone trunks. Yet by searching one can still discover Nanny Webster's cottage and the wall in the wood. Across the tableland go roads that make for the hills and glens of the Mounth. One branching away to the right will bring you to the noble ruin of Inverquharity Castle, at the meeting of the waters—

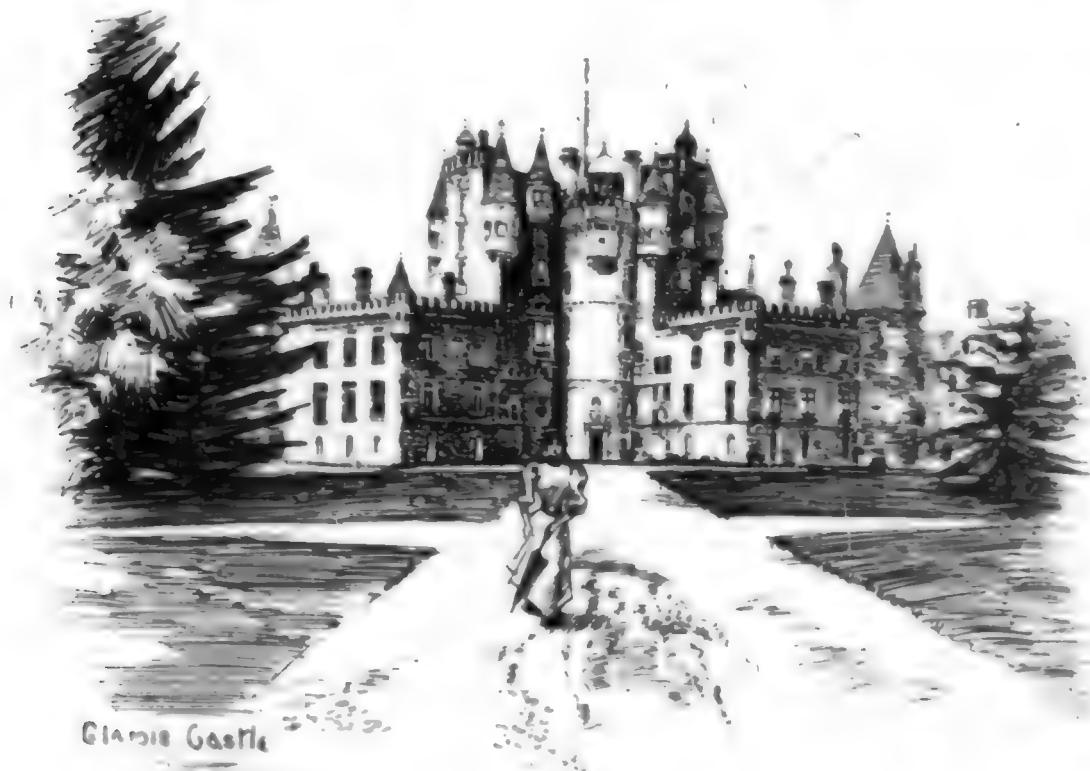
*The waters o. Prosen, Esk, and Carity
Meet at the birkenbush of Inverquharity,
the birthplace of that Captain Ogilvie*

who sang the choicest of the Jacobite lays, "It was a' for our rightfu' king." Another road, leading more directly north, descends by the skirts of Caddam Wood into quiet Glenquharity, where about Newmill we might seek to "place" the Dominie's cottage and Waster Lunny were we not warned that they are to be looked for in the main valley of the Esk. The green and winding glen of the Prosen is beyond, then the woods of Cortachy Castle, the seat of the loyal Ogilvies of Airlie, whither fled Charles II. when he escaped from the prayers and psalm-singing of the Presbyterian divines at Perth; and finally there opens up the spacious Glen Clova—beloved of the botanist and the pedestrian, the scene of the exploits of the "wicked master of Crawford," and of the "Hawkit Stirk"—stretching between steep and rugged brown hills to the base of Lochnagar.

If on this northern or Highland side of Kirriemuir there is more of wild romance, it is to the woods and parks of the old demesnes in the House of Strathmore, to the south and west, that one must go for gracious landscapes rich in

sylvan beauty. Near at hand, within an easy twenty minutes' stroll of Strathview and the "Window in Thrums," is the old House of Logie. It is a quaint gabled and crow-stepped building of uncertain age, its oldest portion going back probably to the sixteenth century. Among its relics is one of the colours of Lord Ogilvie's regiment, carried by the great-grandfather of the present owner (General Kinloch, of Chitral fame) when the Angus Jacobites marched by Glen Clova to disaster at Culloden. But the great boast of Logie has been its noble old trees, more particularly its magnificent beeches. Alas! the wind that wasted Strathmore has left gaps where some of the stateliest once stood. But the great beech avenue, the finest in Angus, known as the "Range of Logie," still stretches from the seclusion of the mansion house to the vicinity of Southmuir, with something approaching a "continuity of shade"—a sequestered and beautiful walk much loved and trodden by the chronicler of Thrums.

Another and much more spacious stretch of sheltered lawn and woodland



GLAMIS CASTLE

is that which surrounds the house of Lindertis. It, too, is approached by an avenue that makes it a place worthy of pilgrimage by the lover of trees—a double line of massive Spanish chestnuts that leads past the west lodge to the handsome Elizabethan mansion to which the present proprietor, Sir Thomas Munro, son of the celebrated Governor of Madras, has made recent large additions. The road thither from Kirrie passes through Southmuir and Westmuir, the scene of a famous encounter between

Lindertis is situated on a lower terrace of the hills that are crowned by the Catlaw, sheltered by its woods from nearly all the winds that blow, and yet commanding magnificent views of the Strath and of the Sidlaws, and possessed of almost every attraction as a country retreat and a home of sport, except flowing water. But the Lindertis woods also have been woefully thinned and mutilated, and sawmills have been busy for years clearing away the wreck made by one wild night of tempest.



AIRLIE CASTLE

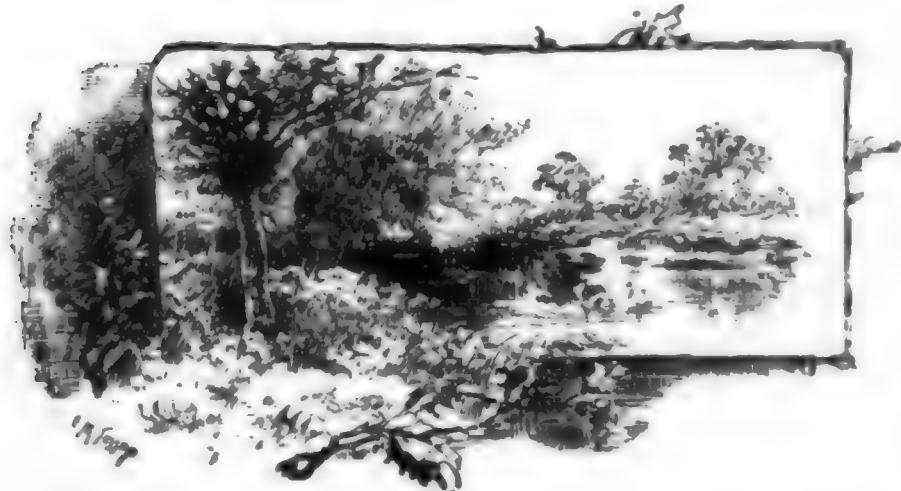
the weavers of the burgh and the neighbouring farmers, that followed a "snawy hairst" and dear corn more than a hundred years ago. On the westward way one may tentatively identify places that are mentioned in the history of "Sentimental Tommy"—among them the "double dykes" and the Kaims of Cushie. The woods of Kinnordy and the braes of Kingoldrum stretch away to the skyline on the right, while on the left we look down into the fertile "Howe," through the middle of which, between us and the trees and towers of Glamis, run the Dean water and the railway.

Through these woods roads pass to Airlie Kirk and to the "Bonnie House" of the ballad, goal of many an excursion from Thrums. Part of the old tower remains, and the portcullis gate still stands on the peninsulated rock; but the rest of the castle is of comparatively modern date. Nothing could surpass the picturesqueness of the situation of this historic seat of the Ogilvies, its walls beetling on one side over the wooded gorge of the Melgrum, while on the other they overlook the profound green trough of the Isla, flashing in foam over the Reekie Linn or

sleeping darkly in the "Slugs of Auchrannie."

The other great historic house of the neighbourhood, Glamis, the seat of the Lyons, Earls of Strathmore, stands on lower and more level ground, but is not less favoured by tradition and romance. To reach it from Kirriemuir, you walk or drive by cross-country roads shaded by elm or birch, past strips of wood and patches of marsh and muir, as well as rich fields and pastures browsed by herds of polled Angus cattle. The towers of Glamis dominate a lordly expanse of park and forest—a worthy setting for this pearl of Scottish baronial residences. Scores of times have the castle and its history been described. Who has not heard of its clustered towers, corbelled and turreted, and its vaulted chambers; of the room in which, says legend, died Malcolm II., the grandfather of the "gracious Duncan," murdered at Glamis; of the great newelled staircase, designed by Inigo Jones for the first Earl of

Kinghorn; of the chapel and its panels, covered by quaint Dutch Bible-subjects, executed by Jacobus de Wet (the painter of the ranks of mythical Scottish monarchs at Holyrood), for the builder of Glamis, the first Earl of Strathmore; last, not least, the mysterious room, whose secret is known only to three persons, the Lord Strathmore of the day, his heir, and his factor, wherein, as local tradition affirms, sits that grim chief of the Lindsays of Crawford, "Earl Beardie," playing dice until doomsday! Glamis was "Old Glamis, the ancient seat of my family," in the days of Earl Patrick the Builder, when the Merry Monarch was king. Its fame has kept growing, and part of it is reflected on its neighbour, Kirriemuir. Besides its claims as a shrine of literary pilgrimage, Thrums is thus almost within earshot of the ghostly Drummer of Airlie and of the grisly Dicer of Glamis. Mr. Barrie has but added to the store of romance of this wonderful countryside.





WRITTEN BY H. FALCONER ATLEE. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



“H ! help me to save her,” he cried passionately, seizing her hand, and she looked sadly at the strong man appealing to her in favour of another woman, to her, who loved him.

“It is impossible, *citoyen* !” she answered, moving away, “you know it is ; how can I, of all people, help you ? so far from Paris too—moreover,” she added,

“it is probably too late now, perhaps all is over.”

“No, no,” he exclaimed, “hint not at such a dreadful possibility ; see here, her note is dated the 6th,” and he held up the crumpled piece of paper in his hand.

It had been a horrible year that 1795, perhaps even worse than its predecessor, 1794. The Cordeliers had been executed, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Hérault de

Sechelles and many others had mounted the fatal scaffold where their tormentors Robespierre, Saint Just, Collot d'Herbois were likewise to die. Thousands of suspected and acknowledged nobles thronged the prisons, to be led forth in carts, batch by batch, as an offering to the murderous guillotine. Men, women, children, none were spared. Amongst those now expecting death at the Conciergerie prison were the old Marquis de Vaudmont and his young daughter Hélène; by some, perhaps fortunate, mistake, the poor girl had not been incarcerated with the ordinary crowd of aristocrats which filled the dungeons, but had been allotted a separate cell, where old Mathieu the gaoler came once a day with the meagre meal of bread and soup and water. Mathieu's daughter, Elise, occasionally was allowed to visit the female prisoners, and by a word, an encouragement, sought to console the often broken-hearted captives.

Elise had long resided near Lille with her aunt and uncle, and her dearest bosom friend was Rosine Pichou, their only daughter. It was a great shock to Elise when she saw poor Hélène de Vaudmont brought in one night by the terrible soldiers of the Revolution, for Hélène was the "young lady" of the castle which had for many generations ruled the little village where the Pichous had lived. Often had Elise and Rosine experienced the kindness of the Vaudmonts, who though aristocrats, associated freely with the simple village folk. Then the fearful Revolution

had burst forth, spreading terror in every corner of the land. Young de Vaudmont had joined the Royalist troops of Condé and the "émigrés," and added laurels to the old family name, yet he had longed to revisit the place of his birth and had ventured, under a disguise, to re-enter France; a friend followed him, and one dark and stormy night the old gentleman and Hélène clasped the young man to their bosom.

Hector de Vielleroche, young de Vaudmont's friend, soon won the hearts of all—of all, yes, for poor Rosine loved him, though he never saw it, blinded as he was by his own passion for Hélène; the months passed, each day bringing news of fresh atrocities all over the country; then came the summons for the



young men to gather once again round the banner of the *fleur-de-lys* and both obeyed.

It was a sad parting, Hélène and Hector vowing eternal love, and poor Rosine following with her heart the unsuspecting loved one.

How the authorities learned that the two young royalists had been for months secreted at the castle, none could tell; but suddenly the place was invested by soldiers, old M. de Vaudmont and his daughter were carried off to Paris to be cast into the dungeons of the Terror.

"You will try and help me, Rosine," pleaded Hector de Vielleroche, who had braved a thousand dangers to re-enter France and to try and save his bride.

"But how?"

"Could you not persuade Elise to allow Mademoiselle to escape?"

"Elise!" cried the young girl; "Elise! I have a plan, yes," she said, "I will help you, I will try and save her," and she turned away to hide the tears that crept up into her eyes.

He wondered, but did not understand.

"What are you going to do?"

"Go to Paris!"

"We had better start at once," said the young man.

"I will start at once," she answered, "you stay here concealed."

And she went, without her parents' knowledge, and from behind a huge tree in the park he watched the cart, that bore Rosine on her journey, rapidly whirling along the white road that curled like a vast serpent amongst the fields and disappeared behind a clump of trees, to which the tender spring shoots gave a faint green touch.

The busy guillotine had spread sorrow in many a family; all over the country a bloody stream flowed freely; on the *Place de la Révolution* Fouquier-Tinville's victims increased in an alarming manner; amongst the doomed batch that was to amuse the Parisians on the next day was Hélène de Vaudmont; her father had preceded her in the next world some time before.

"I must see her, Elise," said Rosine eagerly.

"But I cannot get the keys!"

"Oh yes you can—you must; surely

you would not let the poor Mademoiselle die without a word of comfort?"

"No, no," answered Elise, sobbing; "what are we coming to!"

Trust to woman's wit to obtain what she desires; Elise managed to get possession of old Mathieu's keys for an hour or so, and Rosine was admitted to the cell where on a straw pallet lay Hélène de Vaudmont.

"Dear mistress," she cried, kneeling beside the young captive, "cheer up, I bring you good news."

"Good news to me, Rosine, what good news can I expect? The best news would be that of my approaching deliverance by the—"

"Oh, say not that! say not that!"

"You are right, it is wicked to grumble against Fate," she added listlessly; "but what about your good news, dear Rosine!"

"I can set you free!"

"Thank you, kind, good Rosine, thank you! but what is liberty to me—no home, no family, no—"

"M. de Vielleroche waits for you," said Rosine quietly, and it hurt her poor loving heart to say these words to her rival.

"Hector, oh Hector," and Hélène sprang up, animation in her countenance, her eyes sparkling—"But—"

"But—no but," said Rosine firmly; "change clothes with me and slide out while I talk to Elise—she is sure not to notice your clothes immediately."

"But you?"

"Oh, that's all right! they have probably forgotten you, and consequently will forget me," she added, though she knew Hélène's name was to be called on the morrow!

Hélène escaped unnoticed, even Elise in the dark passages failing to detect the fraud, for Elise respected what she thought was Rosine's grief, and did not speak to her.

And when that same night Rosine was bundled off to the Conciergerie dungeons, none knew of the substitution in the hurry for more victims.

It was only some months afterwards that Hélène and her husband, who had reached Switzerland in safety, knew of the sacrifice of the loving Rosine; a paper came to Hector through an emissary—a line only—one line:

"Hector, I love you and am glad to give my life to see you happy. Rosine."

• • • • •

Many, many years have gone by ; Louis XVIII. was on the throne, a throne on which he was to sit but a short while —yet he was there long enough to restore to Hélène de Vaudmont her fortune and

property, and when France once more changed its ruler, the new government, in its policy of reconciliation, did not disallow the grant.

Hector and his wife often talk of Rosine to their many children, and when the whole family gather to pray, Rosine's name is always mentioned with feelings of love and reverence and gratitude.



IN JUNE.

WE have made the most of May-time,
 With its love of light and laughter—
 Yet, my dear, there is something left to learn
 In the passing of the hay-time
 And the hush that lingers after—
 O my dear, could we pray for Spring's return ?
 Could we long for April's rule ?
 When the wild-rose flushes full,
 And the sun unfolds the fingers of the fern.

Empty homes are in the hedges,
 And their children circle o'er us—
 O my dear, scarce we knew our May had gone.
 The cuckoo redeems his pledges
 In the swallow's swinging chorus—
 O my dear, how the year is running on !
 With so many new delights
 Earth can hardly sleep o' nights,
 And the dusk slips ever nearer to the dawn.

I had feared a note of sadness
 In the joyance of the Junetide—
 Ah, my dear, how a lover's doubts descry
 Wisps of grey among the gladness,
 And the glory of the noontide—
 For, my dear, I had dreamed I heard you sigh.
 But, so false a dream was this
 That it perished at your kiss—
 And I would all men were half so glad as I !

J. J. BELL.





A NEAPOLITAN MILKMAN

Street Scenes in Naples

WRITTEN BY FRANK HIRD. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



HERE is an elusive, intangible suggestion of the East in the streets of Naples which it is impossible to convey in words. The similarity is perhaps rather positive than negative, since nothing can be more dissimilar than the appearance of an Eastern town and the narrow and densely-crowded streets of the ancient capital of the Neapolitan Bourbons. But twenty times a day the traveller will suddenly be reminded of the East

It is in the fishing colonies that one sees the most picturesque side of Neapolitan street life. Of these there are three, one in the north of the town at Mergellina, one in the centre at Santa Lucia, and one at the southern end at Borgo Loreto, but the most striking and interesting is Santa Lucia. These three colonies are separated only by three or four miles of quays, but as far as intercommunication is concerned they might be in different countries. The fishers of Mergellina and of Borgo



world as if they lived upon an inaccessible island. The few streets that comprise the quarter all run on to the quay of Santa Lucia, by which all the traffic passes from the fashionable part to the business part of the town, and which is the most crowded thoroughfare in Naples; but the *Luciani* merely look at the unceasing crowd, they never mix with it.

They are a people totally different from the rest of the Neapolitans, both physically and morally. They pass their lives out of doors, for the most part upon the sea and the quay of Santa Lucia, or in the seven or eight narrow streets, which are only from fifteen to twenty yards long, and sometimes not two yards in width, and which form the entire colony, the tall houses, six or seven stories high, giving shelter to seven or eight thousand people. These streets are called *vicoli*, and, being built upon the side of a steep hill, rise in a series of steps from the quay, and are little more than staircases of questionable cleanliness. Every window has its balcony, where the family life is passed in full view of the passers-by; and as one drives from the railway station to the hotels, which are situated in the Chiaja quarter, one has a rapid *coup d'œil* of Old Naples. Clothes-lines cross and recross the narrow *vicoli* in a bewildering maze, hung with garments of every hue and shape; women are combing each others' hair in the dark doorways, or upon the balconies; children of all ages, and more than half naked, swarm upon the quay where the *Luciani* sell the result of their fishery—oysters, shell-fish, *frutti di mare*—upon little stalls amidst an indescribable din raised by loud voices, the rolling of tramcars, the rushing of *fiacres*, the going and coming of heavy carriages, the cracking of whips, and the screams of quarrelling women. The sight is a strange one, and if he is wise the traveller will come on foot and wander amongst the pestiferous streets and the stalls on the quay. If he goes to Santa Lucia in the afternoon, he will find the sellers of shell-fish doing a brisk trade at their little stalls, for although the oysters and *frutti di mare*, of strange shape and forbidding

colour, are gathered near the mouth of a sewer, the Neapolitans evidently are inoculated by custom and seem to take no harm. So popular, indeed, are the shell-fish, that one may frequently see carriages drawn up by the stalls and their fair occupants eating their dozen of *frutti di mare* with infinite relish, in their gloved hands, before going for their afternoon drive in the Via Caracciolo.

Beyond the fish stalls are the glistening benches of the sellers of the famous sulphur water from the springs of Santa Lucia and Chiatamonte, which fall into the sea near by. "Bella Zuffregna fredda che fa Zumpa i dienti!" cry the girls who have charge of the stalls, and the large terra-cotta pots full of sulphur water that stand on brightly-shining copper. But, untempting as is the cry, the water is generally warm. These girls are specially chosen from the most beautiful in the quarter for this particular work, and are generally surrounded by a crowd of coachmen, loafers, and sailors from the neighbouring naval barracks. Beauty is not one of the characteristics of the women of Santa Lucia, but even the most beautiful of them never marry outside the quarter.

As a race the *Luciani* are most interesting, with characteristics and customs entirely their own. Being a people of fishers, it is essential that they should gain sufficient during the summer months to enable them to live during the winter, and the cessation of the summer fishing is always the occasion of a curious ceremonial of which the origin has never been traced. On a particular day a long procession is formed in the narrow and dirty streets by the Santa Lucia fishermen, clad in the unspeakable rags in which they pursue their avocation. After marching down to the quay amongst the tramcars and carriages of Modern Naples, the procession descends to the beach, where the men throw themselves into the water "to clean their livery of misery." The spectacle is amazing. In an instant the water is alive with thousands of bobbing heads and splashing bodies, whilst the quay above is crowded with screaming women and



A STREET AT SANTA LUCIA

children and curious passers-by. When the noisome garments are supposed to be cleansed, each man, dripping as he goes, seeks his home, and after putting on a new suit of clothes, sits down with his family to a great feast to celebrate the close of the fishery. This ceremony is called the *Nzegna*.

Whilst passing Santa Lucia one very often sees a wedding procession escorted by a crowd of yelling street urchins, whilst remarks more familiar than polite or complimentary are bandied

known unless one has witnessed one of these encounters. With a simultaneous yell the women will be seen suddenly to leap at one another, seizing each other by the hair. The struggle is generally deadly, neither combatant knowing mercy, and is too often concluded by the victor breaking her terracotta water-jug over her opponent's head, or using her high-heeled wooden slipper as a club. Five minutes before the two same women may have been seen combing each other's hair with the



A STREET IN THE PORTO QUARTER

from balcony to balcony on the newly-married couple, who are invariably *Luciani*, and therefore known to everybody since their childhood. It is as well for the sightseer not to attempt to follow the procession through the dark and narrow *vicoli*, for the houses that he must pass are indescribable, and, added to the horrors that meet his eye at every step, he may find himself in unpleasant proximity to one of the fights which are so common between the *Luciani* women. The possibilities of the voice feminine cannot be fully

friendly reciprocity common to the Neapolitan lower classes; and the next day, with bandaged heads and swollen faces, they will probably be as friendly as before, and remain so until their next quarrel.

But if the Santa Lucia quarter—which is now doomed, and will soon be swept away under the Hausmannisation which has already done so much for the health of Naples—presents an unforgettable scene of picturesque misery, it is in the Porto quarter, which has now been cut in two by the Superb Corso



A SELLER OF TIN POTS

Ré d'Italia, that the *bizarre* fascination of Old Naples may be found.

The streets that run from the bay to the plateau of San Lorenzo are nothing but slimy staircases, passing under archways which seem to be the doors of fortresses. This district was the centre of the city under the rule of the Spanish viceroys and kings, and the same trades which were carried on in the fifteenth century are prosecuted in their noisome confines to-day. Many of the streets still bear the names of the colony which inhabited them—as the Piazza Francese, the Rua Toscana, Provençale, Catalana, and the Loggia di Geneva—and French, Tuscan, Provençal, Catalan and Genoese artisans may be found working there to-day. There are also the streets of the cobblers, the cutlers, the mattress-makers, the sword and dagger-makers, the jewellers, etc., which are still practically given up wholly to these particular trades. The shops—dark little holes, in which the only thing to

be seen, even at midday, is the flickering light burning before the image of the owner's patron saint—are unchanged since the middle ages, the workmen, like their ancestors, working in the narrow streets in front of their doors. But if the spectacle of artisans pursuing their work under the same conditions and with the same tools as their remote ancestors is so interesting that to witness it one will brave hours of walking in pestiferous alleys through which a carriage has never passed, some of the streets, that of the jewellers more particularly, fill one with nothing but sadness at a too palpable decadence. Here, in place of the artists who reproduced the great works of Benvenuto Cellini, their degenerate descendants make atrocious pinchbeck jewellery or shapeless and unmeaning *ex-votos* upon the same anvils and at the same forges. From this street have come masterpieces of delicate workmanship in gold and silver, and now it merely floods the churches with the tasteless offerings of a superstitious devotion.

A bewildering din marks the location of the streets where the blacksmiths, locksmiths, and coppersmiths ply their trade *en plein vent*; red-hot iron glows upon the anvils at the shop-doors, the sparks flying across the narrow street as the half-naked and grimy men hammer and fashion it with swinging blows. And above the incessant ring of metal striking metal, and the blowing of bellows, there is a hubbub of voices, a perpetual screaming, whilst far above the high houses is a narrow slip of bright blue sky; and from every window hang multi-coloured clothes, stained and filthy, which are drying in the heavy air.

The supreme dirtiness of all the streets in these old quarters is the first thing that strikes the wanderer through Santa Lucia, Porto, or Mercato, but nowhere else in the world can he see such brilliant colouring, such striking con-

trasts, or a life of misery led so happily or carelessly. It seems a world of children playing at keeping shop, dabbling in wet and mud from sheer impishness, and it is only at rare moments that he is brought face to face with the sterner and darker side of this light-hearted struggle for existence. The mark of a long gash across the cheek does not excite much remark in a city like Naples, where the knife plays its part in the majority of quarrels, but when this mark is seen on men and women perhaps a dozen times in one day, it points to something more than accidental stabbing. Locally, it is known as the *sfregio*, and is a sign that the person who bears it is a member of the Camorra, and who, for some dereliction of duty, has had his face gashed open with a razor. Amongst the women it is a symbol of their powers of attraction, for it is usually dealt to them by jealous lovers or husbands, and they are rather proud of it than otherwise. The Camorra is one of the most powerful secret societies in Europe, and in Naples has been, and in a measure still is, of greater importance than the police. To its ramifications there is no end, and its members exact blackmail from people in every rank of life, whilst amongst themselves the punishment for any questioning of orders is summary and most severe. It is one of the most potent factors in Neapolitan life.

One of the strangest contrasts in Naples is to walk from the Royal Palace with its fine marble staircase up the new Corso Ré d'Italia, and to climb into the steep streets around the church of San Severino e Sosio. These streets are the dwelling-place of the dyers, and one steps from regal magnificence into a crowd of semi-naked people who are busily dipping great hanks of cotton or wool into seething cauldrons. As elsewhere, the work is carried on in the street, and little streams of water—red, yellow, brown, and black—pour over the rough stones, and gather in multi-coloured pools, whilst on low benches against the walls women are washing clothes, standing in the dirty soapy water that splashes over from their tubs. The passers-by walk heedlessly through the dye and soap-suds, whilst

the children find pleasant occupation in throwing mud of every variety of colour at anybody who chances to be wearing light-coloured garments. It is a veritable feast of colour from the merely spectacular point of view, but a visit to these streets leaves a bodily as well as a mental impression.

Very often in the depths of these sordid alleys one comes across a forgotten old palace, built when carriages were unknown, its great court of honour crowded with booths, its vast halls filled with a heterogeneous collection of men, women, and children, fowls, goats, sheep, and occasionally a donkey, all living together in the happiest proximity. The massive old walls are hidden beneath centuries of dirt; the wood-work has, for the most part, disappeared, the rooms that once knew the revels of Argevin nobles now shelter the hap-hazard existence of *lazzaroni*.

With the blue waters of the Bay of Naples ever at their feet, and the blue of a Southern sky above them, the poorer Neapolitans are able to support life under conditions which would annihilate a Northern race; and they certainly make more noise than any other people in Europe. Late in the afternoon the Toledo, the principal street, is full of shrieking hawkers and *giornalisti*, or newsvendors, who rush madly through the throng; an unceasing line of carriages rolls over the rough stones, with perpetual cracking of whips and wild shouts, and all the world seems to have gone mad. On the other side of the Corso Ré d'Italia, itinerant cooks, sitting at their stoves in the open air, or under awnings, sell fish, macaroni, and meat, whilst at the Villa del Popolo and the Porto Capitana, quack doctors lecture on their nostrums to large crowds of idle and credulous folk, drowning the strident voices of the public readers, who declaim passages from Tasso, Ariosto, and other poets, to those who care to pay two centimes for the dubious pleasure of listening to them. Everywhere there is deafening noise, which once or twice a day is silenced by the passage of a funeral procession escorted by the masked and disguised members of the brotherhood to which the deceased has belonged. Flocks of

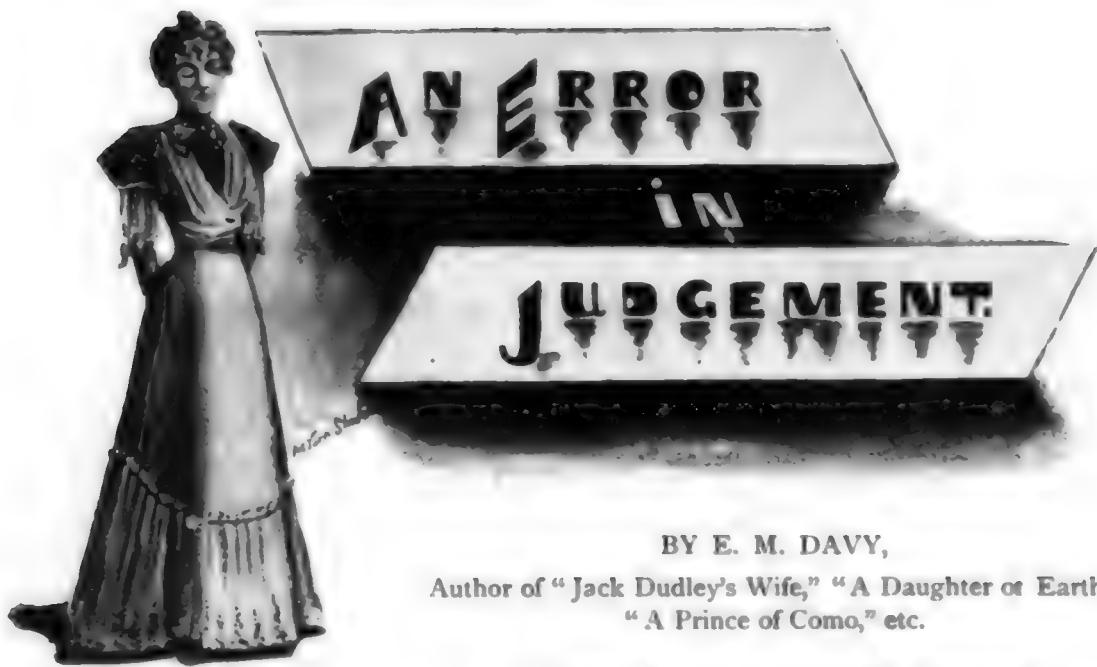
goats with tinkling bells are driven through the streets at all hours of the day, climbing up to the top story of the highest houses in order to be milked at the purchaser's own door. Cows, too, are milked in the same way, the house-wife descending into the street and waiting her turn to hand the cowkeeper her jug or basin, which he fills from the patient and long-suffering animal. The *fiacres* are cheap, and the horses, driven without bits, rush along the streets at a hand-gallop—unless they are engaged by the hour.

Noise, dirt, indescribable squalor, shameless beggary, and constant nerve-

irritation, are the memories the traveller bears away from *Bella Napoli*; but if he goes to Porto, to Santa Lucia, and Mercato, he will also possess the memory of a marvellous kaleidoscope of colour which he will never see again, since much of it is happily threatened by the wholesale destruction of these unsalubrious quarters. This work is known as the *Sventraments*, and has already altered the worst parts of the city, giving space and sunshine to thousands of people who, like their forefathers before them, have lived in the depths of cellars, without light and without air.



A FRUGAL LUNCH OF MACARONI



BY E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Daughter of Earth,"
"A Prince of Como," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY YORK SHUTER

CHAPTER I.

AT CROSS PURPOSES.



IME, evening in late summer; place, the north-east coast of England; and a woman sitting at a window looking out on the great North Sea.

The voices of fisher-folk—as they made ready their herring-boats—mingled with the music of the waves breaking on the shore.

Soon quite a fleet of boats rowed out of the little haven, and presently their hoisted sails glistened in the setting sun; when darkness set in, their flickering lights looked like a flight of fireflies on the horizon.

And all this time the woman sat there thinking, thinking . . .

Of herself? Well, in a manner, yes. After all is it not oneself that most concerns oneself?

She was feeling rather tired of life. Not that she had arrived at that dis-

stressful period when one would willingly end it, for she possessed money and freedom. She had enjoyed both a few years now, however, and they had ceased to satisfy her. She desired—what at present appeared to be—the unattainable.

A servant entering lit lamp and candles; not until she was again alone did the woman move from her seat in the window. As she did so a letter fell from the folds of her dress to the floor.

Picking it up she approached a light and read it for the second time. The envelope was addressed to herself—Miss Elliot. It was from her friend the vicar's wife, and its contents were these:—

"DEAREST NELLA,

Come to-morrow evening at eight o'clock. We are inviting a few friends to meet Philip Lorraine, who will spend a day or two with us before going to India. He has just got a splendid appointment out there.

Ever yours,
DORA SCROLEY.

P.S.—I want you to look your best, dear—your very best. You are not pretty, but interesting-looking. Put on your last new frock—it suits you admirably; and bring some songs—something sentimental.

Nella Elliot crushed the paper in her hand. Her cheeks burned with shame. She was angry with herself for feeling any emotion, more angry still because she could not control it.

"That ridiculous episode! That most ridiculous episode!" she murmured. "I must go to prove I never cared; or that if I did it is a thing of the past now, and forgotten."

So she wrote and dispatched the following reply:—

"DEAR DORA,—I will come.

Yours always,
NELLA."

And then until the following evening she lived on tenter-hooks of anticipation and dread of the coming ordeal.

Her will-power was strong, and on that alone she depended to carry her through, for—foolishly if you will, but truly womanlike—she had made up her mind to assume for the occasion a rôle as far from her own nature as are the poles asunder. Rehearsing this continually in her mind, she forgot that no one else was likely to understand and play up to the part, in which case the result was pretty sure to be a fiasco.

She reached the vicarage late—this was part of her plan—and entered the drawing-room with her brightest smile.

Some twenty guests were assembled, all known to her. The vicar's portly person, as he came forward, for the moment hid some of the company from her view. But when he had moved aside she saw instantly the man she would have given worlds to avoid.

The clear cut, delicate features of the sensitive face, contrasting in its pallor with the dark hair and moustache, gave him an air of distinction that at any time would have appealed to her sense of the beautiful; and, with a feeling of annoyance she knew that it did so now.

"Mr. Lorraine, here is Miss Elliot *at last*," she heard Mrs. Scroley say, and saw her touch him on the arm.

He came forward eagerly and held out his hand. The look in his usually dreamy eyes was full of fire and intensity; so eloquent it startled her and caused her to falter in her purpose. His hand clasp tightened; she felt the tell-tale colour deepen in her face;

another moment and she might have forgotten her rôle, but the vicar came, quite unconsciously, to her aid.

"Don't you think Miss Elliot does us credit?" he said with a kind of showman-like manner. "Isn't she looking well? All the sea-air, my dear Lorraine; there's nothing like it. You found out its efficacy when you were here among us two years ago. Our now eminent engineer scarcely looks so strong as he was then, does he?"

"Really I don't know," Nella answered with affected carelessness. "You intend going to India immediately, I understand, Mr. Lorraine?" she continued, glancing about the room and acknowledging some of her oldest friends with bows and smiles.

He did not answer for a moment or two, and she felt that he was watching her intently.

"Yes, as you say, immediately," he replied, speaking very slowly.

"Then I wish you *bon voyage* with all my heart. I daresay you are a good sailor—most people are now-a-days. What a difference there is in tastes!" she continued, turning pointedly to Mrs. Scroley. "Fancy if you or I, Dora, were told we must go to India, say tomorrow, next day, or next week, how we should hate it!"

"Really, Nella dear, I don't understand you. Surely you must be joking," Dora said, looking both puzzled and displeased.

"Not at all, I assure you."

"Oh, yes. It is one of Miss Nella's charming little jokes," echoed Canon Scroley serenely.

"I think not," said Philip very quietly, but with such peculiar meaning in the tone—which was withal so sorrowful—that Nella had the greatest difficulty to refrain from looking at him.

Music was asked for at this juncture, and glad of the timely interruption Nella went at once to the piano and sang a song from the "Mikado" with all the serio-comic pathos she could command. This was so rapturously received, that she gave other selections from the same opera with a spirit and *verve* she had never before attempted. The men crowded round, applauding each song.

Philip Lorraine alone remained aloof.

"Brava, brava!" cried a young officer from Linmouth Barracks. "Miss Elliot, you're a brick," he added *sotto voce*.

"Am I really?"

"That you are! And, by Jove, none of us had an idea—"

"No? But you have *now*?"

"Rather!"

"We all possess some latent power that merely requires to be called into action—our reserve forces, you know."

Nella liked young Waldy, regarding him as a mere boy.

Leaning over the piano, and dropping his voice to a low confidential tone, he asked,

"Miss Elliot, may I tell you what our Colonel says of you?"

"If it is sufficiently flattering you may, of course."

"That depends on how you take it. You see we were discussing the Gulcotes girls last night at mess. The Colonel said, 'Miss Elliot is talented, but not clever. She ought to marry well, but won't. She is just the girl to throw herself away on a poor—'"

"Curate? Oh, spare me!"

"I'm a little hot-headed, you know, Miss Elliot, and was dying to say something, when he added—'or an equally poor devil of a subaltern.'"

The young fellow stopped, blushing furiously.

"I am glad Colonel Campbell does not consider me worldly," Nella remarked composedly, after a moment's pause.



"CURATE? OH, SPARE ME!"

"I'm quite sure he doesn't. None of us do. . . But, by Jove! with your talents, and . . . and . . . attractions—"

"Don't talk nonsense."

Running her fingers lightly over the keys, she was about to sing again, when the vicar called from the whist-table, where he was deriving as much enjoyment from his favourite game as the music would allow—

"If there is to be any more singing surely someone will be good enough to relieve Miss Elliot. Mrs. Scroley suggests she must be quite exhausted."

"Oh, nothing ever tires me," the singer assured him, "and I love to feel that I am amusing your guests. But if anyone else—"

"No one else would venture, *now*," said Dora. "Why didn't you sing the style of song I asked for?" she whispered impatiently. There was an unpleasant significance in her words.

"Where is Mr. Lorraine?" Nella enquired. "Do persuade him to sing or play. It would be such a charming contrast after my—"

She stopped short in some discomfiture, for, entirely contrary to her expectation, Philip Lorraine, who had heard her words, came to the piano. There was a look of intense pain stamped on his countenance. Without seeming to see her, though she made way for him, he sat down at the instrument. He played divinely. Every voice was hushed. The sudden transition from light music to exquisite pathos had an almost electrical influence on some of the listeners, most of whom were musical; while the effect produced on Nella was as though every note—coming as it seemed from the soul of the performer—spoke to her a reproach. She fought against the uncomfortable impression, however, and determined to end the evening as she had begun.

When Mr. Lorraine ceased playing he almost immediately left the room, and shortly afterwards the company began to disperse. Nella was not permitted to go until the very last, and then both the vicar and his wife went with her to the door.

"Well! you *have* done for yourself!" exclaimed the latter, in her usually emphatic way.

"I am sure we are very greatly indebted to Miss Elliot," said her husband good humouredly, "for her very delightful—"

"Performance," added his wife, with sarcastic emphasis. "Good-night, Nella, dear; and if ever I try to do you a good turn again—"

"Take *Punch*'s historic advice, Dora—*don't!*!"

And, laughing gaily, Nella ran down to the gate, followed slowly and sedately by the elderly attendant who usually came for her on such occasions.

It was a lovely night. Nella crossed the road and stood to watch the sea shimmering in the moon's beams.

"Hoo hev ye enjoyed yor party, honey?" asked Griffiths.

She answered in the way she often talked to the woman who had originally been her dear old nurse.

"Not much, Grif. I feel as though I had been a naughty girl, as I used to be when you had to make me stand in the corner long ago. But I am quite good now. What else could I be face to face with *this*?" The efforts during the evening had cost her more than she imagined. An unwonted feeling of sadness was stealing over her; the memory of Philip's music and Dora's words, "You *have* done for yourself," still lingered in her ears, producing discord.

"Allow me to walk home with you," said a man's voice so near as almost to startle her, and turning she found herself face to face with Philip Lorraine.

"On no account. I have my usual escort, thank you. Good-night," was her hurried and not unembarrassed reply.

"Will you walk on?" he said to the maid. "I wish to speak to Miss Elliot privately."

It was a bold stroke, and one for which she was totally unprepared.

"Miss Elliot—Nella! What have I done that you should treat me as you have to-night?" he enquired, as he walked by her side along the cliff.

"I do not know by what right you call me to account for . . . for . . . anything," she said, turning her face away because she felt ashamed of what

seemed to her now--the childish part she had been playing.

"Pray pardon me. I came here believing I certainly had some right, that of--But your manner chills me; I cannot go on. The words I came to speak die on my lips. If you would only say in what way I have been so very unfortunate as to offend you?"

"Why suppose I am offended? I am sure I have not said so."

"No. And that is the hardest part of it. This meeting . . . which I looked forward to with such happiness . . ."—he paused a moment, then resumed—"never for an instant dreaming that I should find you changed—"

"And you do find me changed?"

"To all appearance, yes. Most sadly."

"And even if I am? What difference could it make . . . to you?" she asked with a little catching of the breath.

"Only this, Miss Elliot. If time and absence have really changed you as you would have me think, then never more will I believe in truth, in honour, or in noble womanhood. My love for you was no short-lived passion, but deep and steadfast, a love that lasts for life; one that—pardon me for saying so—I believed you not only understood, but shared. I told you how I was situated when we parted. Every day, every hour, since then I have been endeavouring to improve my worldly position for your dear sake. By great good fortune it seemed to me—shall I go on? I will not unless you wish it."

"Go on, please," she answered, brokenly.

"Thank you. As soon as I obtained this Indian appointment, I wrote to Mrs. Scroley. She had been very kind and hospitable to me when I was at the pier works here two years ago, and knew of my . . . attachment. She replied at once, inviting me to the vicarage."

"Did she—did she mention me?"

"She said she had good reasons for believing that you cared—"

"What? That for two long years I had cared for—perhaps been pining after—the man who, like the gay young knight in the old ballad 'loved, and he rode away'?"

"I told you how poor I was!"

"Oh! I have not forgotten! The interview lasted—about two minutes. You spoke of poverty, wished me good-bye, and left me!"

"How cruel it sounds when you put it thus!"

"Not half so cruel as the reality."

"But you knew—you must have known and understood."

"Do men and women *ever* quite understand each other, I wonder? Had both been poor I think you would have acted rightly. But had you been rich, would you have left me because I was poor? Where is the difference? I fail to see why the mere fact of the woman being the richer should prevent—"

"In honour I could not ask you—"

"Alas! then, we richer women are poor indeed! Could I be so forward as to say: 'Phil, your love is worth more to me than all the gold in the world?' Could I? Think! Did you even give me the slightest chance to say this to you?"

"It was an error in judgment," he said regretfully, "one that has nearly cost me very dear."

"You almost lost me by it, Phil,—that is all."

They had reached the house where she lived. The door was open, showing a light within. They stood still now by mutual consent; he caught her hands and held them against his breast, while she, raising her tell-tale eyes, let them meet his for the first time. The moon—the harvest moon—was shining so as to make the night almost as light as day.

"Are you naturally rather . . . rather reticent?" she asked, a little anxiously.

"Yes. But you shall cure me, Nella. If you consent to be henceforth the sunshine of my life, you shall see down into all the dark places of my soul and give them light."

"Ah, don't tell me there are any dark places, Phil—"

"At least we will not speak of them to-night."

"No. For there is the church clock striking one, and Griffiths has come to the door again to look for me."

"Nella, one word before we part," he said eagerly. "You have not promised to be mine, nor shall you until I have told you—"

"What?"

"Everything there is to tell. This I will do to-morrow. Meanwhile—"

"I love you, I love you," she whispered, her eyes dwelling on his unflinchingly, her fingers clinging to his hand.

"No, no! Take back those words, my darling girl. I come back to find you leading a life you love. Think well before you decide to change it, Nella. It were better far that we had never met than that I should be the means of casting a shadow on it. May I come at noon to-morrow to know my fate?"

"If you positively and obstinately decline to hear it from my own lips to-night, sir!"

"I do—I must."

"In that case, come to-morrow."

He seemed about to speak, but checked himself. He raised her hands and pressed a kiss upon them, then turned and walked resolutely away.

CHAPTER II.

REJECTION AND ACCEPTANCE.

BETWEEN eleven and twelve o'clock the following morning Nella stood in her little garden in the sunshine.

She had scarcely been there a minute when young Waldy, passing, saw her, raised his hat and stopped.

"I've been wanting to see you ever since last night, Miss Elliot," said he.

She laughed. "Well, that is not a very long time. Here I am. What is it?"

"Won't you ask me in?"

"I am sorry I can't this morning, for I have an engagement almost immediately," she said, glancing hurriedly at her watch.

"I wish you would. By Jove! I'd go to red hell for you, Miss Elliot, you know I would."

"H'sh!"

"They're Swinburne's words, 'pon my honour."

"I prefer your own."

"Then you shall have them straight

as a die," he said with an odd mixture of boyish brusquerie and bashfulness. "You won't allow a fellow to come in, so I must speak them here. You treat me as though I were a boy, Miss Elliot, and that's not fair. I'm a man. I've got a man's heart, and I love you. I don't believe I would have dared to tell you this but for what our Colonel said, and—and—for your manner, don't you know, last night. I'm only a poor devil of a sub, but there's a coronet in our family, Miss Elliot—there is, indeed, though it's—it's awfully bad form to mention it."

He paused, looking somewhat red and shamefaced.

This declaration took Nella so completely by surprise that, for a moment, she was at a loss how to answer it.

"I'm sorry——" she began.

"Don't say no all at once, Miss Elliot. 'Jove! I can't stand that. Take a few days to think it over; take a week."

"Not an hour, not a minute. You deserve better treatment at my hands. I confess I had thought of you as a boy, and, believe me, I am very sorry for what has happened. You will marry some day—a girl who will say 'Yes' directly you ask her, because she will love you as you deserve to be loved, Mr. Waldy. You and I will always remain friends, I hope, but we can be nothing more."

"I don't want you as a friend. I want you to—to marry me."

"That is impossible, Mr. Waldy."

"You *are* hard!" he said dejectedly.

"I mean only to be kind," and she held out her hand as a sign that he should go.

"It will be good-bye, then, for a few weeks. I'm going on leave to-morrow, and it's the best thing for me now."

Some fisher-girls went singing past towards the vicarage, and gave Nella a smiling greeting.

"They all love you!" he cried, impetuously; then, biting his under-lip and giving a little nervous laugh, he raised his hat, and hastened away in the direction of Linmouth Barracks.

"And this," thought Nella, "is another result of my 'performance' at the vicarage!"



“‘AND THIS,’ THOUGHT NELLA, ‘IS ANOTHER RESULT OF MY PERFORMANCE
AT THE VICARAGE’”

It wanted but a few minutes of the time she expected Philip Lorraine. She had told Griffiths he would call, and she went to her pretty drawing-room, ready to receive him. How happy she had been until her disappointment two years ago, and the restless longing for some fresh interest in life that had ever since that time possessed her! But all that was ended now. Philip Lorraine loved her, and she loved him so dearly that she feared lest the very selfishness of her love should induce her to marry him, without considering his happiness as much as her own.

Within a few minutes of the hour he was shown in. Their meeting was, to all appearance, only that of friends. The man's manner was constrained; obviously he was exercising great control over himself, and the consciousness of this forced Nella to do the same.

Sitting down opposite to her, he at once began speaking of his Indian appointment, of the handsome salary he was to receive, and gave an interesting description of the part of the country that for the next few years would be his home. Then came what seemed to Nella the most important part of the communication—he had signed an agreement to leave England at a certain date.

"So soon?" she faltered.

"If I fail to be on board on the 30th I lose the appointment. Another man, who is already out there, will get the post."

"Then nothing on earth must prevent you leaving England on the 30th—tomorrow fortnight."

There was a pause, during which neither spoke; so long it lasted that Nella had time to wonder why he continued so silent and so grave, and why he kept his eyes veiled from her by their long, dark lashes. He raised them suddenly, however, and, looking steadily at her, asked—

"Do you remember saying last night you thought me rather—rather reticent?"

"Perhaps I ought to have said 'reserved'?"

"By nature I suppose I am reserved. My life hitherto has seemed to render a

VOL. VI., NEW SERIES.—JUNE, 1898

certain amount of reserve necessary. But now, with you, all will be different indeed. Did you ever hear anything of my antecedents? Will you tell me all you have heard?"

"That all is easily told. I understood your parents died many years ago; that your father was an officer in the Royal Engineers, your mother a descendant of a very old French family."

"That is quite true. You know no more?"

"You came to the North with good introductions. That was sufficient even for Mrs. Scroley."

"I understand," he said, smiling slightly; "but you must be told everything before you decide to cast in your lot with mine."

"And pray what is this dreadful 'everything'?"

"It is of more importance than you appear to think," he answered with increasing seriousness, an expression of dreamy sadness settling on his face. "They say, 'Like attracts like,' but that is not our experience, Nella. Your earliest years were passed in the sunshine of a happy home; mine with an austere guardian who called himself a philosopher, but was, in point of fact, a heartless cynic. My tutors held the same pessimist views of life as did my guardian. I was taught to shun society, to form no friendships, to believe in neither God nor man—much less to put faith in woman."

"What very uncomfortable doctrines, Phil! But now that you are your own master, of course, you have discovered their fallacy, or, at all events, the inconvenience of holding them!"

"I have, and I can only hope that discovery has not come too late. Early impressions, alas! sometimes take deep root, and are hard to eradicate. Mine are the 'dark places' I spoke of, on which, two years ago, you first shed a gleam from the sunshine of your life. I fear it may take some time for my mind to attain a perfectly healthy tone. Nella, after hearing this, does your sunny nature shrink? Are you not afraid of wedding it to the gloom of mine?"

"Philip," she said, speaking with forced calmness, "there is no need for

you to take this appointment ; I have enough for both."

"I prefer to take it."

"Then I go with you, dear," she said, rising and holding out her hands to him.

He sprang to her side.

"You have no fear?" he cried, a great joy lighting up his face. She closed her eyes as he folded her in his arms. When she again looked at him his countenance was so transfigured she scarcely knew it.

"Happiness is contagious, Phil ; you have caught it now," she said gaily.

And then she heard him laugh for the first time. It was low and musical—and yet a man's laugh, too. It set all her pulses throbbing with delight.

In the midst of their "low laughter and soft replies," Griffiths came into the room—Griffiths who was not used to knocking at doors—and, as she stood dumbfounded by what she saw, Nella went towards her, and said :

"Congratulate me, Grif ! Philip, this is my dear old nurse."

"Is this gentleman wantin' to marry ye, then, Miss Nella?" she asked bluntly.

"Yes. And I have said he may, Grif, dear."

"Aa mun kna a sight mair afore aa wishes ye joy, ma honey," she said, looking searchingly at Philip. "Whe are ye, sor? Where de ye come freo? Ye mun heb a power o' assurance te think ye're jeest gannin' te tak ma bairn te yersel wi'oot sayin' 'By yer leave' te nebody. Ye'll pardon me, sor, for speakin' se plain, but thor's neyn but me te leuk te hor interests, see ye, an' leuk te them aa will."

"I love her more than my life," he answered fervently, "and I honour you for—"

"You forst statement's natrel eneuf, mistor. Your neest—wey ! fine words nivvor yet buttoned ne parsnips. Leuve? Aa's hord a sight ower much o' you word te place ony faith in't. Ye're soft spoken, sor, ye'll come freo the Sooth? Aye, I thowt se ! Leuk at me, noo. Aa wor as bonny a lass, yence, as ony on Tyne-side. Aa's not far gone i' ma sixties yet, but leuve an' marriage aged me afore

ma time. Aa married for leuve ; a lad freo the Sooth—"

"Oh, Grif ! You know he only came from Durham," corrected Nella.

"Wey, ma honey, aa knaa that. But D'orm wor ower far sooth for me ; aa knaa'd newt o' his forbears, an' if ye gan forthor ye'll likely fare warse. Aa married for leuve, mind ye, an' what coomed o't? Ma man wor that soft spoken at forst, ye'd ha thowt button wadn't melt in's mooth. An' what did he torn oot ? Wey, a conformed dronkard. Leuve? ye canna live long on yon dainty, sor. Whatten else hev ye gettin' te offor ma bairn foreby?"

Watching Philip's face anxiously Nella saw that he took all that was said kindly, and it pleased her that he humoured her by his reply :

"Miss Elliot will not be a poor man's wife. I can give her a handsome house, a great many servants—everything, I hope, that she may desire. I can also give you my word of honour that I have always been a strictly sober man," he added, smiling at her reassuringly, "and it is hardly likely I shall change now."

"An supposin' aa tak yer word for it—ye bein' a gentleman born and bred—mebbe ye'll just tell us where aa'll gan te see wi ma ain eyes yer gran' big hoose, an' yer servents an' sic like?"

Philip and Nella exchanged glances.

"Do tell her, Phil."

He smiled, and drawing himself up proudly, said, "Miss Elliot and I are to be married very soon. In a fortnight's time we shall leave for London."

"Lord-a-morcys save us !" cried Griffiths, throwing up her hands. "Yer hoose—in India ; yer servents—niggors!"

"Not niggers," Philip answered gently. "We have not yet had time to make many arrangements, but we hope you will go with us."

"Me gan wib ye? Me, sor?"

Here Nella intervened by laying her hand soothingly on the worthy woman's arm.

"Dear old Grif ! I will tell you all about it later," she said. "Meanwhile do let us have some lunch. I am positively famishing. Mr. Lorraine is the same. Wait on us yourself to-day, Grif, and you will see how ravenous we are."

After bestowing a steady look on both,

she turned and walked proudly and silently from the room.

"Such a dear, good soul, and entirely devoted to me," began Nella, apologetically,

"I know what you mean, dear ; a true case of 'love me, love my dog'?"

"Yes, Phil."

"I must always remember the 'sop to Cerberus' then. What is it you call her? 'Griffin'? A good name ; she is altogether unique."

Nella laughed without correcting him, and in a few minutes the subject of their mirth brought in the long-delayed luncheon. "The Griffin" waited on them in solemn silence. As their merriment increased, the set, stolid expression on her face deepened, and was emphasised at intervals by long-drawn sighs.

When luncheon was over, Philip looked at his watch.

"I must go to Oldcastle by an afternoon train," said he. "Would you like to hear all about this engineering affair?"

"Not a word, dear. You have a great deal on your hands, I know. I will take everything for granted rather than that you should worry yourself more by talking about it. Besides, I really do not like business matters, and could be of no assistance to you."

"I only wish you to understand, Nella, that I have much to do between now and the 30th—many people to see professionally in various parts of the kingdom ; so many things to look after, that I find it will be best for me to make Oldcastle my headquarters. Of course I shall run down and see you daily. It is scarcely half-an-hour by rail, you know."

"Am I unreasonable, then, in suggesting that you might make Gulcotes your headquarters, and run up to Oldcastle when business calls you?"

"That would be pleasanter, but not best ; and for this reason—I am liable to be summoned to Middlesbrough and other places. The delay in going from here—"

"Say no more. I'm sure you will come as often as you can, and, in a fortnight's time, you know there will be no horrid business to come between—"

"— My darling and me!"

He had scarcely whispered these words

when Griffiths burst in, looking very hot and angry, exclaiming : "Aa can do nowt wi' them. The huzzies has getten the bettor o' mi !"

About a dozen bare-footed fisher girls dressed in their short blue tucked flannel skirts, bringing with them a strong odour of the sea and of fish, both fresh and stale, rushed noisily past her, and halting suddenly in front of Nella began singing, at the top of their voices, this well known old Tyneside song :—

*"Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row that hor laddie's in.*

"That's hor, an' that'll be hor laddie. Horray !"

"What does it mean ?" asked Philip, in bewilderment.

"Ye may well be flabborgasted," remarked Griffiths, indignantly. "Miss Elliot just spoils aal the village. Be oft wi' ye ! Ye owt to think sheym. Ye're just like Clootie's gang aall broken louse."

"We're Miss Elliot's singin' class, mistress, an' we've coom te practise," said one of the girls.

"That's aall, hammie," corrected another. "We've coom to wish hor joy—hor an' hor intended." And this speaker, apparently bolder than the rest, succeeded in putting Philip to the blush by the persistency of her stare.

"Hor laddie," corrected the next. Whereon, taking their cue from the word, they once more commenced their song.

"Do you think I should give them money ?" Philip whispered.

"Oh, they would be dreadfully offended."

"Look here, girls," said he, holding up his hand as they came to the end of one verse, and either the action or his south country accent for a moment commanded their attention. "Don't you see Miss Elliot is engaged ?"

These words were received with a titter, culminating in shouts of laughter.

"Aye, that's what ye caall it ; we caall it sweetheartin'. Weel, nivoor mind, gan on."

"Nella, for heaven's sake, speak to them !"

Nella was enjoying the joke immensely

herself, almost as much as the girls, whose picturesque appearance delighted her. Their *pose* was admirable, the scene altogether an effective bit of comedy, but she saw the time had come to end it. She thanked them warmly in a few words for their good wishes, appointed to meet them in the school-room at eight o'clock, and gave them to understand they were dismissed.

"Had away, binnies!" cried the leader of the gang; and they rushed off as quickly as they had come.

But one glance at Philip's delicately sensitive face told that both the incident and the fishy atmosphere left behind were equally distasteful to him.

"It was Dora's doing, naturally," she said, as he took his hat to go.

"I told her nothing. I declined to receive her congratulations, or even to speak of you until I had seen you again to-day."

"Well, I don't mean to quarrel with Mrs. Scroley if I can avoid it, Phil; but I do think there ought to be a special form of prayer for us poor women: 'Preserve us from our friends'!"

"Too true," he sighed, though evidently more in jest than earnest. "And can't you—won't you—be my special providence, dear Nella, and spare me the congratulations of the rest of the fishing population?"

She promised. He sealed that promise with a kiss, and thus the fateful interview that changed the current of both their future lives was ended.

(*To be continued.*)





CHEVALIER DESSEASAU
REMARKABLE FOR HIS VANITY

Facts about Freaks

WRITTEN BY A. KRAUSSE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

HE abnormal has always had a subtle fascination for the multitude, and the exhibition of monsters has from the earliest times proved a paying speculation. The existence of giants and dwarfs, hairy people and double-bodies, has been noted by the most famous writers of antiquity, and records, more or less authentic, of fat people and limbless bodies are to be found amid the literature of well-nigh every age. Pliny records the existence of one Gabara who flourished in the days of the Emperor Claudius, and whose

height, in modern measure, was nine feet and nine inches. Cardanus tells of a Carmelite monk whose hair was so peculiar that as often as he combed his head sparks of fire would be seen to fly out of it; and Ovid relates that he met a full-grown man whose height was not above a cubit, and who was carried about in a parrot's cage.

The taste of our ancestors for monstrosities has been inherited by succeeding generations, and the appreciation for freaks of to-day is certainly in no way less marked than of old. And yet it is to be doubted whether even the

most regular sightseer has a notion of what very remarkable nondescripts there are in existence, for the simple reason that natural curiosities are in demand all the world over, and being constantly on the move are easily missed. I propose in this article not to attempt a complete catalogue of the world's freaks, but to refer to some of the most noted, past and present.

It is curious that freaks, like other things, are largely affected by the dictates of fashion. What is to-day regarded as a sensation of the first quality will possibly not attract the slightest attention in ten years' time, and what was the rage fifty years ago lacks interest to-day. And so it happens that modern Methuselahs are at a discount, and the very old folks mostly possessing lying records of antiquity, at one time to be met with among the side-shows at every well-regulated fair, are now rarely seen. The lack of demand has ended the supply, though there are at present probably more genuine centenarians available than in any previous period. It is, of course, an open secret that most of the much-vaunted Methuselahs of old based their records upon the flimsiest of evidence. Henry Jenkins, who laid claim to 169 years, was an undoubted pretender, and it has been shown that the famous Countess of Desmond, supposed to have lived beyond her 140th anniversary, was really made up of two persons, the lives of two succeeding countesses being knocked into one. Nor is the case of Thomas Parr, whose popularity probably exceeded that of all others, more trustworthy. Parr, who was a native of

Winnington, in Shropshire, claimed to have lived during the reigns of ten monarchs. He died in 1634, and was reputed to have attained 152 years and some months; but his body was examined by the great Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and he certified that it was very doubtful if Parr was more than ninety. It would be easy to fill an entire volume of *The Ludgate* with reputed centenarians. John Burn Bailey has compiled a volume containing accounts of some five hundred such, but the author shows that few of them can be regarded as trustworthy. Among the recent cases of undoubted centenarianism are those of Sir Moses Montefiore, Monsieur Chev-



Old THOMAS PARR of
Winnington in Shropshire:

Who lived in the Reign of Ten Kings & Queens.

He died in the Strand, 1634—lived 152 Years.

Published by the Author, Peterborough, 1861.



Mr. Henry Blacker the BRITISH GIANT.

Born near Cuckfield in Sussex 1724. He is thought by all who have seen him, to be the tallest Man ever exhibited in England, measuring 7 feet 4 inches & secondly famous My慷慨 generous who was shown with so much

4 years ago

reuil (the eminent French chemist), Miss Baillie (sister of Joanna Baillie), Canon Beadon, Lady Smith and Miss Hastings; while among the Methuselahs living today are William Coveney, of Kilpatrick, who is 112; Mrs. Ward, of Lashbrook, near Henley, who is 103; and Mrs. Neve, of St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, who has passed her 105th birthday.

Quitting centenarians in favour of more generally acknowledged freaks, we relinquish long life in favour of bulk. The accompanying reproduction, from an authenticated print, of Henry Blacker, the "British Giant," who was born at Cuckfield, in Sussex, in 1724, is a fair

type of such monsters. Blacker claimed to 7 feet 4 inches of humanity, and there is every reason to hold his claim as justified. He was visited by Royalty and patronised by the rank and fashion of his day. He was well proportioned, and possessed pleasant manners. William, Duke of Cumberland, was one of his greatest admirers. Among the most noted giants of their time were Patrick Cotter, the Irish giant, who measured 8 feet 7 inches, and wore a shoe 17 inches long; and Charles Byrne, who called himself O'Brien, whose height was 8 feet 4 inches. The last-named died in 1783, and his skeleton is now exhibited in the collection to be seen in the museum of the College of Surgeons. Another famous giant was Chang-Woo-Gow, the Chinese monster who was exhibited at the Aquarium some twenty years ago. He attained a height of 8 feet. He died in 1880. Captain Martin Bates, the Kentucky giant, attained some fame in London in 1871 by his marriage with Miss Ann Swann at St. Martin's Church. Both bride and bridegroom measured 7 feet. Marian, the Amazon Queen, a German girl, exhibited herself at the

Alhambra in 1882 to the extent of 8 feet 2 inches, and Joseph Winkelmaier, a young Austrian, 8 feet 9 inches high, held receptions at the Pavilion Music Hall as recently as 1887.

From giants to dwarfs is a natural step. The most famous dwarf of modern times was probably Count Borowlaski, a Pole, who in his twentieth year measured 33 inches. He visited the English Court, and died in London in 1837. In popularity, if not in fame, the foregoing was equalled by Charles Heywood Stratton, who was repeatedly exhibited under the name of General Tom Thumb. Stratton was an American who visited England

more than once. He measured 31 inches. He married another dwarf, one Lavinia Warren, who measured 32 inches. Stratton died in 1883. Another fragment of humanity was Francis Joseph Flynn, known as General Mite, who measured 21 inches, and weighed 9 lb.; his *fiancée*, Miss Milly Edwards, whom he married at Manchester in 1884, barely turned the scale at 7 lb. This record was, however, beaten by the Mexican midget, Lucia Zarate, a well-

fat people must be out of all proportion to the demand.

Daniel Lambert, whose portrait is given, is described in a contemporary print as a person of surprising corpulency, a definition which barely does his memory justice, seeing that he barely turned the scale at 52 stone and 11 pounds. He was a native of Leicester, and lived to the age of thirty-nine. He was an expert swimmer, and owing to his vast bulk could float with two ordinary men



DANIEL LAMBERT

made little woman of 20 inches, who weighed 4½ lb. The best-known dwarf of the present day is probably a little Irishwoman of middle age, who is exhibited under the name of Little Dora. Her height is 23 inches. I am not acquainted with her riding weight. The choice of dwarfs appears to be somewhat restricted, but this limitation does not apply to their contrasts. The supply of

on his back. He was till shortly before his death a remarkably active man, and was able to kick to the height of 7 feet while standing on one leg. His profession was that of gaoler, and he held the post of keeper of Leicester Gaol for many years. He died 21st June, 1809. He measured 3 yards 4 inches round the waist, and 1 yard 1 inch round the calf just before his death. Another

prodigy of flesh was one Edward Bright, who was a contemporary of Lambert's. Bright was a miller of Maldon, Essex, who weighed precisely 44 stone. He died 10th November, 1750, at the age of thirty. Another man mountain who deserves mention was James Mansfield, a butcher, of Debden, in Essex. He weighed 33 stone, and measured 9 feet round. This personage is remarkable among his kind for his longevity. He died 9th November, 1862, aged eighty-two.

The records of adipose tissue are peculiar in the fact that one has not to dive into musty archives in order to attain the superlative. The fattest man on record is living to-day, and it is highly probable that the fattest woman is also among us. The distinction of being the greatest man the world has produced is indubitably a native of Mason city, Iowa, who goes by the name of Gay Jewel, and is exhibited as Jumbo. He is at present thirty-five years of age, is married, and enjoys excellent health. He stands 6 feet 4 inches in his socks, and weighs 53 stone 6 pounds. He is an intelligent and well-educated person, and plays the violin well. The Queen's largest lady subject is Miss Frances Sinclair, "the Yorkshire giantess." She measures 5 feet round the waist, and weighs 39 stone 12 pounds. This lady is now thirty-three. The reputation shared by the last-named fat man and woman apart is also claimed by Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Morlan, of Indianapolis. Chauncey Morlan weighs 20 stone 10 pounds, while his wife, formerly Miss Annie Bell, "the Ohio giantess," stand 6 feet 2 inches, and weighs 40 stone, this being the greatest weight recorded of any woman. The fattest baby known to history was one Thomas Sabin, a native of Banbury, who was discovered a few years ago, and exhibited in London. This fragment of humanity weighed, at the age of two years, 8 stone.

"Living Skeletons" are apt to prove a trifle disappointing. There have been many claimants to the title, yet I have never met with a person in whom I thought it justified. The nearest approach to an actual skeleton in living form was probably that attained by Claude Ambroise Seurat, a native of

France, who was exhibited in Pall Mall just seventy-three years ago. Seurat was described in the *Times* during the exhibition as having the appearance of "a mere bag of hoops covered with leather through which the beating of the heart was distinctly visible." He stood 5 feet 7 inches. He was extremely emaciated, yet ate and drank with appetite. Another "skeleton" is now living in one George Moore, an American, who while boasting a stature of 6 feet 3 inches, weighs only 97 lbs. W. Caffin, another of the tribe who arrogates to himself the title of the "Skeleton Dude," is an undoubtedly thin personage, but is by no means reminiscent of the charnel house, either in physique or bearing.

Plunging deeper into the regions of abnormality, I reach those extraordinary freaks of nature which are best classed as twin bodies. I refer under this head to cases of people whose separate existence is restricted by a connecting link in varying degree, ranging from a mere band of flesh to the more repulsive monstrosities presented by cases of double-headed bodies, or the more terrible instances in which one partially-formed being is seen growing out of another. There have been many such creatures, though fortunately the last named class is small in numbers. With few exceptions such sights are better suited to anatomical museums than public exhibition, but they are shown in connection with many fairs, and the "Greatest Show on Earth," at Olympia, contains one.

The most remarkable and least repulsive of these freaks of nature were two twin brothers named Chang and Eng, who were discovered in Siam by Mr. Robert Hunter, who brought them to Europe. Like most freaks, the Siamese twins were married, their wives being sisters. The accompanying illustration is from a print published in 1829 showing the twins at the age of eighteen. A similar circumstance to that of Chang and Eng occurred in the case of two girls named Helen and Judith, daughters of an Hungarian woodcutter near Prague. The children were born in 1715, but they only survived eight years. In 1851, however, a negress of North

Carolina gave birth to twins joined together in a most extraordinary fashion, and these still survive. Millie Christine, better known to fame as the "Two-headed Nightingale," is a composite system of two identities sharing a body and a-half. The sisters were entirely distinct in the upper part of their bodies, but at the waist the two became one, which in turn accommodated four separate legs. This extraordinary couple were exceedingly intelligent, each of the members of the incorporated partnership being gifted with a fine voice. The sisters also danced well. After being exhibited for a series of years, the "Nightingale" retired in 1885, and are, I believe, still living on a farm purchased out of their (or her?) savings, in North Carolina.

A different type of dual freak to those above referred to is that shown in the case of Israel, the twin brothers shown at the age of seventeen, or that of James Pono, who was exhibited in London in 1714. The monstrosity to be found in Barnum's show under the name of Laloo is another example of a similar misfortune. These freaks, none of them nice to dwell upon, all take the form of a more or less completely developed body growing out of a living man. They may be dismissed as better suited to a treatise on morbid anatomy than a popular magazine article.

Closely allied to the malformations referred to are those unfortunate freaks who have entered the world minus their proper complement of limbs. There have been many such. John Valerius, born without arms, achieved considerable reputation in his day. Matthew Buchinger, of Nuremburg, was also a noted character in his day. He was born at Anspach, without either arms or legs, in 1804. By long practice he attained considerable agility, notwithstanding his sad plight, and he achieved such feats as writing, drawing, threading a needle, shuffling a pack of cards, etc., by aid of his mouth and stumps. It is also stated in a contemporary advertisement that Buchinger could play upon the dulcimer "as well as any musician," and that he also "shaves himself dexterously," but how these performances were achieved there is no evidence

to show. Buchinger was exhibited at Bartholomew fair. He died in 1722. A worthy successor of the Nuremburg juggler was Thomas Inglefield, who, like him, was born without arms or legs in 1769. The portrait given is copied from a print published in 1804. Among the armless men of to-day, the most remarkable is probably John Chambers, a resident in the Old Kent Road, who was born without arms. Notwithstanding this deficiency, however, he achieved all the necessary daily routine just as well as his more fortunate contemporaries.



THE SIAMESE TWINS

John Chambers shaves himself, puts on his boots, and holds the morning paper (with his foot) while he reads it over breakfast. He is a married man with a family, all of them duly provided with the usual allowance of limbs; and his great amusement is to play the cornet, which he does remarkably well. Charles Trip is another example of an armless man, and he performs much the same feats as the sufferer referred to above.



MR. MATTHEW BUCHINGER

Trip is especially proud of being able to thread a needle with his feet. A specimen of the man born without legs is to be seen in the case of Eli Bowen, whose feet protrude directly from his hips, and resemble rather the flappers of a seal than the normal pedal appendage of the genus homo. He gets about by grasping blocks of wood with his hands, and using them as crutches.

People with horns, though not very numerous, have been exhibited on various occasions. This deformity is more common among women than men, and is due to a certain kind of tumour forming in the head, which gradually hardens as it grows, and partakes of the nature of horn. Such affections are in most cases curable under surgical treatment. The most noted instance on record of people developing horns are those of Mrs. Mary Davis and Francis Trovillon. The lady was a native of Great Sanghall, Chester, where she lived all her life. When about twenty-eight an excrescence grew upon her head, which continued for thirty years, and

then it grew into two horns. Mrs. Davis lived seventy-four years, and died at Chester, 1668. Trovillon was a Frenchman. In his case the horn started from the middle of his forehead and took the form of a ram's horn. It bent round towards the point, and would have infallibly pierced his skull had it not been constantly cut. Another well-known instance is that of Paul Rodriguez, a native of Mexico, who is said to have grown an antler from the side of his head having a circumference of 14 inches at the base.

To turn from horns to hair seems a natural sequence, and the vagaries of Nature in the direction of the one are quite as curious as in the other. Donatus tells us, in his marvellous *History of Medicine*, of one John Fugacinas, a merchant of Mantua, who had long hairs growing upon his tongue, who used to pull them out by the roots but found that they invariably grew again. I am not acquainted with an instance of a hairy



THOMAS INGLEFIELD

Engraved for the London Magazine. 1782.



Mr. Edward Bright.

tongue in modern times, but hirsute marvels are plentiful enough, and hairy men and bearded ladies are to be met with at well-nigh every fair. Barbara Urselin, wife of Michael Vanbeck, is a good type of the bearded lady, while Miss Annie Jones (really a married woman) is perhaps the best example now among us. The much-vaunted Burmese hairy family were exhibited in London in 1886. Jo Jo, the dog-faced man, is interesting from the fact that the hair which so plentifully covers his face is canine, while that on his head is human. The types known as "Unzie, the Hirsute Wonder," with his mass of albinous hair, and Joy Howard, the "Moss-haired Girl," are more interesting from the medical than from the curiosity hunters' standpoint, since both are alike due to well-known causes.

My list of freaks is by no means exhausted, but the exigencies of space compel me to be brief. In the selection of the examples dealt with in this article I have restricted myself to such as can be traced with certainty. The showman in whose hands freaks for the most part are, is not especially famous for the care with which he investigates the claim of his freaks to notoriety, and I have deemed it wise to exclude a large number of curiosities which may or may not have actually existed. Those referred to may be regarded as having all been genuine to the extent of their having been shown to the public for what they are.

Beyond this statement it would be unsafe to go except in the case of such as were specially examined by well-known medical men.

The Surgeon's Knife

BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE AND E. S. GREEN

THE surgeon and myself were driving down the Strand when a block in the traffic stopped us just opposite Charing Cross Hospital. The building was surrounded by planking and scaffolding, imperfectly covered with crimson cloth (this was a month or two, you must remember, before the great Jubilee procession had passed), and the surgeon commented upon its appearance.

"It looks as if it had been putting itself into splints," said he.

"Are you going to see the procession?" I asked.

"No," he returned, "I'm going on ambulance duty outside."

"Interesting?"

"Oh no," said he, "all simple cases. A battle-field is the one place where one can see interesting experiments."

The traffic moved on and we moved with it, and it was only after a few minutes that I recurred to an expression in his last remark.

"Interesting experiments!" said I; "I suppose surgery numbers a great many interesting feats in its records?"

"Well," he rejoined with a smile, "that is according to the point of view; but they are not usually of a kind suited for publication."

"But surely in the published records," I persisted, "and even in the newspapers—why, only the other day I read about an operation on a man's heart—in Vienna or somewhere."

"There are a good many things you

read in the papers," the surgeon observed drily, "which don't find their way into the medical records. I'm sure I can't tell how they get there—perhaps some half-fledged rumour from the hospitals. Hospitals have their stories and traditions. For instance at Charing Cross they once made a man a new nose out of his little finger."

"That's the sort of thing," I said eagerly.

"And at the South London," he went on, thoughtfully, "Mr. —— once grafted a piece of chicken's flesh on to a man's upper lip, and when his moustache grew there were rudimentary feathers mingling with—"

"Thanks," said I, "that isn't quite the sort of thing I want."

"No?" he laughed, "I suppose it isn't; but if you really want to write a magazine article, as I suppose you do, on famous feats of surgery, I'll help you to rout among my books for them. That is the only authentic way of getting at them. But you'll find yourself unable to publish the best cases."

He was quite right. I found many interesting things, and many that sometimes I wish now that I had left unread. Many were scientifically important and scientifically interesting without being at all impressive to the lay mind; and upon these the medical books lavished a great deal of detail and many illustrations. But there remain a great many instances of surgical skill and achievement, and these not the least interesting, which may be repeated without shock

to the most sensitive mind. It is of these that we propose to speak.

Of minor importance to mankind as a whole, but of extreme importance to the individual, has been the introduction of manipulation of hare-lip—a malformation which is found far more frequently among newly-born children than would be supposed. This deformity is treated by cutting away the edges of the cleft in the flesh, and then bringing them closely together. The surface is united by stitches, and the whole face is clamped in a specially-constructed machine which enables and aids the wound to heal. The results attained by the operation are simply wonderful, and it is difficult to believe, on looking at photographs of the same child, before and after treatment, that such a marvellous change can have been effected by such simple means.

The delicate operation of skin-grafting is, perhaps, one of the most curious of surgical feats. In idea this treatment is comparatively ancient, for the great Hunter proved it possible nearly a century ago; and his startling experiments evoked considerable astonishment at the time. He transplanted the spur from the leg of a chicken to its comb, and he also grafted a spur from one chicken on to the comb of another. He found in the result that the birds not only lived and did well and continued to grow, but that the transplanted spurs also grew in their new positions. These experiments were the origin of what has now become a more humanly beneficial operation. It is found that in cases where patients suffer from sores and abrasions which refuse to heal, that their cure can generally be speedily effected by removing the unhealthy sink from the place affected, and replacing it with a portion of healthy skin obtained either from another place or another person. When the grafting has been accomplished the progress made by the patient is in most cases remarkable. Perhaps the most interesting operation of this kind yet performed was that undertaken by the great surgeon, Thomas Bryant, who grafted pieces of skin cut from a nigger on to the leg of a white sufferer. The wound healed speedily, but the black skin not only remained black but caused the margin

of the white skin around it to become black also—the inference being that the black skin possessed greater vitality. There is little doubt but that it would be perfectly possible by a judicious use of this means to turn a white man into a nigger. The suggestion may be of use to any amateur who would like to give complete verisimilitude to a rendering of the part of Othello.

The operation known as "transfusion"—of blood—bears to the internal organisation of the body much the same relation as does skin-grafting to the outer. The notion of the employment of some means to supply a patient, weakening under loss of blood, with new blood is very old. It was attempted by Dr. Lower so far back as 1665. He attained his object by making a cut in the arm of his patient and inserting a tube which communicated with a similar incision in the arm of a healthy volunteer for the service. This method is very crude and fraught with extreme risk, though it was tried many times. The late Mr. Charles Reade, having verified its possibility by several accounts taken from his elaborately compiled books of reference, used it as an incident in his historical novel of "Griffith Gaunt." In the case of this 18th century hero and heroine, according to the novelist's account of it, the transfusion of blood from the husband to the wife carried from one to the other certain mental attributes, and instituted one or two remarkable psychical phenomena. There is no reason for supposing that such is the case nowadays, when the operation, after a good many improvements, has been rendered comparatively safe and simple by means of the Roussel injecting apparatus. When using this the incision is not made in the artery of the volunteer, but in one of the veins. The blood is not conveyed directly but through a transmitter, by means of a canula which acts as a pump. By this means the entry of air into the veins of either person is made impossible, and the blood enters the patient regularly and slowly. From six to nine ounces of blood are transmitted at a time, and the effect on the weakly and sometimes dying patient is marvellous to the point of the miraculous.

The treatment of injuries to the brain has always called for, and has indeed called into existence, the greatest surgical ability. It is, of course, impossible to get at the brain without removing a portion at least of the skull, and this delicate operation has been achieved in a variety of ways. But of late it has undergone considerable modifications, chiefly through the brilliant achievements of Mr. Victor Horsley. The trephine is the instrument which is most commonly used for this operation. It is a contrivance not unlike the old-fashioned but clumsy "automatic" or "differential" corkscrew. The trephine consists of a circular sheath of steel with a saw-like edge, in the centre of which is a sharp-pointed steel which can be advanced or withdrawn, and which acts as a pivot for the revolving sheath of steel. By the use of this the bone of the skull is pierced, the covering of the brain rifted, and the brain itself laid bare for treatment. This method, which was employed in the early sixties, and which was the foundation for quite a literature of wonderful stories, is now further enlarged by the use of a chisel with which the edges of the skull are removed. After the brain matter has been repaired, cut, cleaned—one might almost say shampooed—the opening in the skull is closed by a silver plate which is laid over the orifice. The scalp is then replaced and soon heals up. There are hundreds of persons going about, well and healthy, who have been operated upon, and who could pawn their heads for the half-crown's worth of silver they carry on their skulls—covering up a hole leading to their brains.

The most recent, and undoubtedly the most extraordinary discovery yet made in surgery has only just emerged from the experimental stage, and is now in actual progress in a special hospital in London. The discovery in question is the more remarkable inasmuch as its method reverses the methods that have gone before it. For centuries past the evolution of surgical knowledge has been the growth of new methods of operation; and increased dexterity in the use of the knife has been the great factor in the results attained. The new discovery, known as the oxygen treatment, on the

other hand, renders operations unnecessary, and, while the treatment is purely surgical, it is so called on account of the nature of the cases treated, and not because of the methods employed.

The new departure in surgical treatment has been introduced by Mr. George Stoker, a well-known surgeon, who was officially attached to the Zulu Boundary Commission. While in Africa Mr. Stoker was greatly struck by the methods in vogue among the Zulus, who treated their wounded in a manner which attracted his attention. They refused all offers of surgical aid, nor did they indulge in the charms or magic so customary among semi-savage tribes. Natives who were suffering from gunshot wounds, burns, etc., were simply conveyed up a high mountain, where they were kept for a week or two, and their wounds were in every case found to have healed thoroughly during their voluntary exile from the plains. Mr. Stoker took pains to examine the mystery of these speedy recoveries, and satisfied himself that they were due to the unusually pure air to be found at the great altitude resorted to. He came to the conclusion that the atmosphere in that particular place contained an unusual proportion of pure oxygen, and, having formed this opinion, he began experimenting.

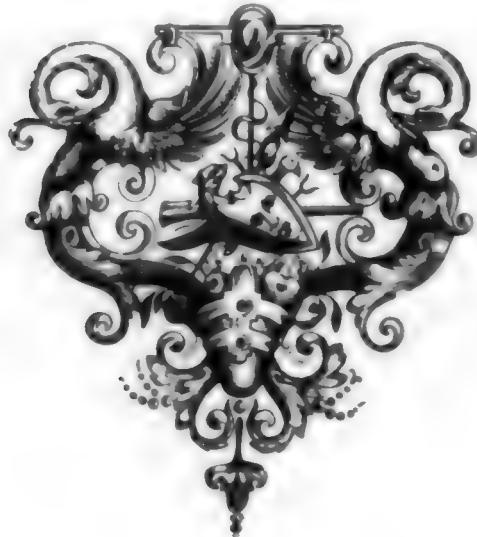
He found that flesh wounds were singularly amenable to the effect of oxygen gas, and, though, when exposed to pure oxygen, the patient suffered considerable pain from the too marked effect produced, the healing power developed was quite distinct from anything known to the archives of treatment. He then tried a mixture of oxygen and pure air, and derived excellent results without any corresponding suffering. A great number of experiments followed, and the result is seen in the founding of the "Oxygen Home" in Fitzroy Square, where the treatment is carried on, the establishment being instituted to serve as a centre for instruction and public experiment in the use of oxygen as a curative agency.

The means employed are exceedingly simple. Oxygen is obtained commercially in cylinders, and is mixed with

air in certain proportions. The patients, of whom some thirty are accommodated in the wards, do much as they please, without any direct medical or surgical regimen, the whole *modus operandi* being the constant exposure of the wounds with which they are afflicted to an atmosphere highly charged with oxygen gas. This is effected by enclosing the limb in a glass-lined receptacle so constructed as to be practically air-tight, the chamber being charged with the gas. In the case of injury to the eye, nose, etc., specially made masks are worn, through which a current of oxygen air is conveyed so as to play over the surface of the wound. And the results attained are simply marvellous. Among the cases treated is that of a man who has suffered from wounds in his leg which have prevented him getting about for thirty-five years. That man was treated for six months, and is now absolutely cured. Ordinary cases of burns or open sores which refuse to heal are cured (provided they have not existed very long) in a few weeks, and

many burns, etc., have been entirely cured in a couple of days. Malignant diseases, hitherto regarded as incurable, and capable of being merely temporarily averted by the use of the knife, are cured in a few weeks, notably the fearful lupus, of which several cases have been cured, and two are at present in the house under daily improvement.

And most wonderful of all, wounds treated by the oxygen treatment do not cicatrize. No scar or sear is left as would be the case in an ordinary healing. The flesh does not join, but fresh flesh forms, and the result shows an even and a healthy skin where none at all previously existed. Mr. Stoker explains this by the theory that oxygen has a selective power, and discourages the growth of all pernicious bacteria, while it promotes the production of those requisite for healthy growth. And it is further important to note that the treatment is cheap, the cost of the gas being infinitesimal, and half a cubic foot sufficient for a man a whole day.



THE SONG OF THE LAPWING

THE brooks are big with the melted snows ;
 Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the fallow :
 The fields are alive with the clamorous crows,
 And chill blows the wind at the evening's close.
 Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the fallow.

The lark and the swallow are come o'er the sea :
 Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the hollow :
 Sweet is the hum of the sun-wakened bee,
 And sweet is the smell of the new-ploughed lea.
 Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the hollow.

In fun the joyous schoolboys cry,
 Pee-weet, weet, weet, from the meadow,
 As they search where the eggs of the plover lie,
 And laugh at the bird as it wheels on high.
 Pee-weet, weet, weet, from the meadow.

Milk-white and warm is the lapwing's breast ;
 Pee-weet, weet, weet, through the meadow :
 The breeze blows soft from the balmy west,
 And the cuckoo has come, a welcome guest.
 Pee-weet, weet, weet, through the meadow.

The meek cows stand in the stream knee-deep :
 Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the hollow :
 The new-shorn ewes in the shade are asleep,
 And the tender lambs with drowsy eyes peep.
 Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the hollow.

The moor-birds fear the sportsman's foot ;
 Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the hollow :
 The trees are bowed with the sun-kissed fruit,
 And black are the berries the brambles forth put.
 Pee-weet, weet, weet, in the hollow.

The wood-paths rustle with russet leaves ;
 Pee-weet, weet, weet, o'er the billow :
 The yards are filled with the well-stacked sheaves,
 And the lapwing cries, as if parting grieves,
 Pee-weet, weet, weet, o'er the billow.

GREIG HORNE.

For Wife and Honour

BY H. L'ESTRANGE MALONE, Author of "Fools Together," "A Woman Outwitted," etc

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM PEDDIE



"HEN why don't you marry her?"

"Because I can't."

"Well, it's beastly rough on the girl."

"What about me?"

"Pooh — you — I am not going to waste any sympathy over you. You say you love this Dora Engleton, and that she loves you; you have a sufficient income to marry on, and yet you shy at the foot of the altar. She is only a woman after all, and, believe me, women prefer to be loved rather than worshipped."

"Admitted: but a marriage is impossible, Jackson, that's the long and short of it."

"Scissors and knives! Where's the hitch?"

"There's no hitch, but merely an iron barrier."

"Which can possibly be removed?"

"Only by death, for I am already married."

"Then you are a bigger fool than I took you for," retorted Jackson, showing no surprise, and there and then he devoted himself vigorously to his pipe, and, enshrouding himself in smoke, closed his eyes, gave the fire a vicious kick, and, finally, leaning back in his chair, brought his feet to rest on the mantelpiece.

There was a long silence, broken at last by Forster, who, seeing that slumber was fast taking possession of his friend, jerked out,

"Jackson, do you think that you can help me?"

"Haven't you gone yet?" was the only response.

"Only listen to what I have to tell you and then —"

"Look here, Forster, I think it would

be advisable for you to go before I tell you what I think of you; my language, you know, is generally more forcible than polite, and I don't want to lose my temper."

"And I dislike losing my friend, so hear what I have to say; believe me, I am more sinned against than sinning."

"Well, fire away. Hear the indictment in legal language: 'You, Cyril Forster, are charged with making desperate love to a young girl of eighteen, and of causing that love to be returned, well knowing at the time that you are a married man. Are you guilty or not guilty?'"

"Not guilty."

"Then why didn't you say so straight away?"

"Because you had already judged me before my defence had been heard."

"Well, clear yourself."

"You no doubt remember, Jackson, that three years ago I was travelling in the United States. While visiting New York it was my misfortune to be knocked over in the street by a passing car, rendered insensible and carried off to a hospital. There was no serious injury, but nevertheless I was laid up for a few weeks. The hours spent there would have been frightfully dull had it not been for one of the nurses whose special duty it was to look after me, as, being able to pay well, I was allowed to have a separate compartment and special attendance."

"Which once more demonstrates the folly of separating yourself from the common herd; home-reared birds are easiest to shoot."

"Precisely. Nurse Agnes was young, handsome, and loving. The accident that I had had perhaps made the blood run quicker in my veins—and I was

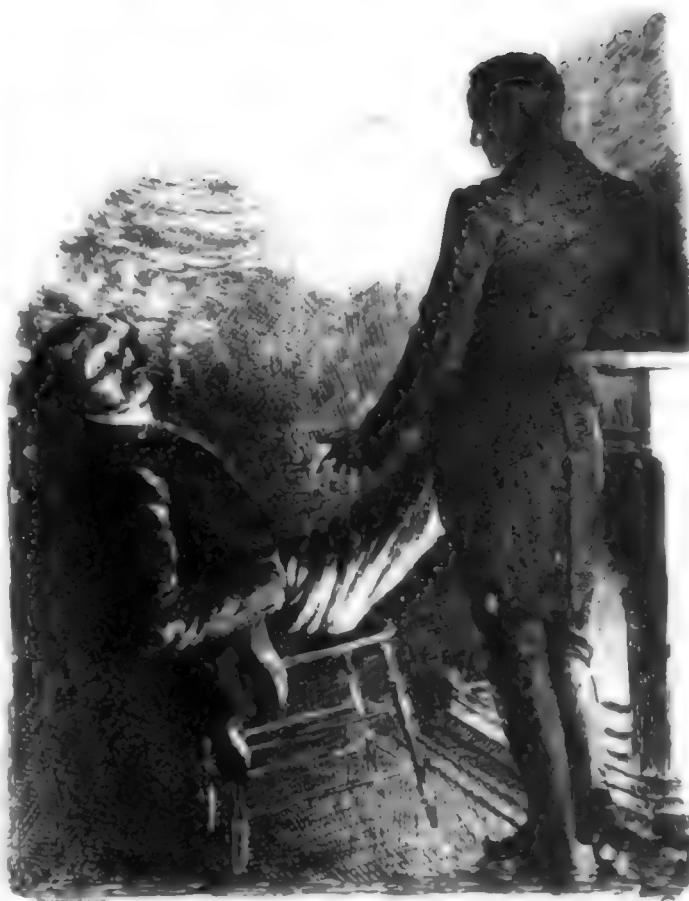
always susceptible. I returned the advances made to me, and one day I was in the act of embracing her, when the matron of the hospital suddenly entered the room. I was speechless. She looked at us both for an explanation, which Nurse Agnes was not slow to give. As cool as a cucumber she turned to the matron saying, 'Mr. Forster and myself are to be married as soon as he is well enough to leave the hospital, which will be very soon. Will you be good enough to dispense with the usual notice?' The matron bowed stiffly, remarking that she should be pleased to see her trunks removed the same evening, and requested that further love-making might be made outside the hospital gates; thereupon she left us, and I whistled ——"

"The tune of that popular refrain, 'Young men taken in and done for,' I conclude," remarked Jackson.

"I was astonished at Nurse Agnes' cool way of getting out of an awkward situation," went on Forster, "and not a little uneasy as to the consequences; but she was not in the least disconcerted, and said to me sweetly, 'Of course, dear Cyril, I ought to have waited for your proposal; but we understand each other, don't we?' and I had to say what I did, or my character would have completely vanished by this time."

"I was now thoroughly alarmed. 'A marriage,' I said, 'is impossible; if I am the cause of you losing your situation I will, of course, give you compensation and make what amends I can, but ——'

"Stop," said she, "you fool, you *will* and *shall* marry me; you must be strangely ignorant of the laws of this country, or you would not talk as you do. Did you not remain silent when I told the matron we were going to be married? It would be a strange jury that would not award me heavy damages for such tell-tale silence. No, you will marry me, and I will fix the date, and I will make a wife



"ONLY BY DEATH, FOR I AM ALREADY MARRIED"

whom you need not be ashamed of. We will therefore look upon the matter as settled."

"Then I began to persuade myself that there was no help for it. I looked at her from head to toe as one about to purchase a fine animal, and that she was. Tall, handsome, and well-developed, her slightly - parted red lips seemed to invite kisses, and I accordingly became intoxicated with the heat of passion which some people call love; she had such a seductive charm about her, and I was young and an idiot. She conquered: shortly after we were married, and then, and only then, did I thoroughly realise what an awful fool I had been.

"She spent my money, treated me like the very devil, told me she didn't care for me a jot, and that if I would make her a regular yearly allowance she would trouble me no more. For two years this was punctually paid, but the third no claim was made for it, and the fourth I had enquiries made and learned

that she was dead. The rumour was false, for at this moment she is alive, well, and in prison for murder. I am engaged on her defence, and I didn't know who she was till we came face to face in the prison cell ; but, my God ! Jackson, after all—whether I love her or hate her—she is my wife, and I must defend her to the best of my ability."

"What is her name ?" asked Jackson.
"Agnes Hunt."

"Precisely. I am the Counsel for the prosecution. We shall meet in Court in a few weeks' time, till then I think we had better say good-bye."

• • • • •

The Central Criminal Court was crowded, and people were being turned away from the gallery doors, for the case of Agnes Hunt had excited universal interest. Many had indeed condemned her already, but they were mostly women. The fact of two such eminent lights in the legal world as Jackson and Forster being engaged on the case was sufficient to inconveniently crowd the gallery, and had it been generally known that the great barrister was defending his own wife the excitement would have reached fever heat.

In one of the corridors of the Court the two barristers were engaged in earnest conversation.

"For goodness sake, Forster, set your wig straight and throw away that worried look. How's your client ?"

"Bold, confident and defiant, and says that if I don't get her off she will tell the Court that I am her husband."

"Which is an unpleasant fact ; if she does, she does, and there is an end to it. But what of your defence, is it a strong one ?"

"It is."

"Well, look to it, for my attack will be stronger."

"I am confident that my client will be acquitted, and I have no wish to have the matrimonial compact severed with a yard or two of rope."

"For my part I shouldn't despise the tool that cut my way to freedom."

"Ah, Jackson, you are a hard man, especially to women ; but come, the Judge is in Court—let us go in."

As they both took their seats in

the well of the Court, all eyes were fixed on them. The jury had been sworn, and the Clerk of the Arraigns called out in a clear voice, "Bring up the prisoner, Agnes Hunt."

If there had been excitement before, it was now intense, for the prisoner in the dock was a strikingly handsome woman. With a scornful look she glanced round the Court, and finally rested her eyes on her husband, as if she thought that her salvation depended on him.

Then the Clerk of the Arraigns read out the indictment.

"Agnes Hunt, you are charged with causing the death of one Edith Harley, by administering poison to her ; are you guilty, or not guilty ?"

"Not guilty," was the ready response.

Jackson now arose to address the jury.

"My Lord and gentlemen of the jury, the case before us is exceedingly simple, and the evidence clear and straightforward. I think that I shall shortly be able to prove to you that the prisoner in the dock is guilty of the crime she is charged with. Three months ago Agnes Hunt was stopping at a country house in Warwickshire, called Charlecombe Court. The hostess of that house was the murdered lady, Edith Harley. It was the custom of this lady to entertain and to keep large house parties, but at this particular time there was only one gentleman staying in the house besides the prisoner, and I propose to call him as principal witness for the prosecution. This gentleman was the lover of the prisoner, and the motive of the crime I attribute to jealousy, inasmuch as he had been paying marked attention to the deceased lady, which had been the cause of bitter words between prisoner and herself—nay, not only bitter words, but threats had been used. The bottle of poison found by the dead lady's side has the label of a New York chemist on it, and I think that I can prove to your satisfaction that the prisoner is not unacquainted with New York. With your Lordship's permission I will now call the first witness, Emily Smith.

"Emily Smith, you were a servant in the employ of Miss Edith Harley ?"

"Yes, sir."



"THE PRISONER IN THE DOCK WAS A STRIKINGLY HANDSOME WOMAN"

"Was she a good mistress?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "You were her special maid, were you not?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Did she suffer from fits of depression?"
 "Very rarely, sir."
 "You don't think that she ever contemplated taking her life, do you?"
 "No, sir."
 "Before her death was there a gentleman staying in the house of the name of Mr. Forman?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Did he pay this lady any attention?"
 "Only respectful attention, sir."
 "Did this seem to cause the prisoner annoyance?"
 "They often had quarrels over it."
 "Who are they?"

"Miss Hunt and Mr. Forman."
 "On the day before the murder of deceased lady did you hear the prisoner use any threat towards her?"
 "Yes, sir; I was just coming in to Miss Harley's morning room when I see Miss Hunt standing up in front of her saying, 'If you don't give it up I'll make you, and there will be good reason for your never troubling me again then.'"
 Here Jackson sat down, and Forster rose to cross-examine her.
 "Was your mistress in the habit of losing her temper often?"
 "At times, sir."
 "Would she then fly into violent passions?"
 "Her temper wasn't of the sweetest, sir."
 "How did she receive the attentions of Mr. Forman?"
 "I don't quite rightly understand you, sir."
 "Did she seem pleased when Stanley Forman paid her attention?"
 "No, sir, not during the last month or two."
 "Then can you understand why the prisoner should use threats towards her?"
 "No, sir."
 "Did the deceased lady make any retort to the threat?"
 "Yes, sir. She said, 'I will never give it up anywhere except in a Court of Law.'"
 "You may go down."
 "Call Martha Daly."
 "Martha Daly, you were matron of the Central Hospital in New York five years ago, were you not?" asked Jackson.
 "I was."
 "At that time was not the prisoner one of the nurses there?"
 "She was."
 "You can swear to her?"
 "I can."
 "Why did she leave?"
 "Ostensibly to be married, but I never thought that she would be."
 "Why?"
 "Because she was bold and brazen."
 Then the Judge intervened.
 "My 'good woman, we only want evidence relating directly to the case."
 Here Forster rose, feeling nervous for

the first time, for he half felt that the matron must recognise him, but he soon found that she did not ; he was much older now, and his wig perhaps helped to disguise him.

"Would the prisoner, in her capacity as nurse, be in a position to have an intimate knowledge of poison ?"

"No, she would not."

"Her duties were rather to look after convalescent patients, were they not ?"

"They were."

"Did she strike you as likely to excel in her profession ?"

"No."

"She never showed any desire to learn anything in connection with medicine, did she ?"

"No, she did not."

"Thank you, you may go down."

"Call Dr. Stanton."

"You are Dr. Stanton ?"

"I am."

"You were Miss Harley's ordinary medical attendant, were you not ?"

"I was."

"On the evening of 3rd July last were you not summoned to Charlecombe Court ?"

"Yes, I was."

"By whom ?"

"Emily Smith, her servant."

"Who sent her ?"

"The prisoner."

"What did Emily Smith say to you ?"

"She said that her mistress had been suddenly taken very ill, and would I come to her at once."

"When you arrived in Miss Harley's room what did you see ?"

"I saw the deceased lady on her bed struggling for breath."

"How far do you live from Charlecombe Court ?"

"Not five minutes' walk."

"Could Miss Harley speak at the time ?"

"No, she was in too great pain."

"Did she make any sign ?"

"Yes, she pointed to the prisoner, who was standing near the fire-place burning a paper."

"What did you understand by Miss Harley's signs ?"

"That she wished me to prevent the prisoner from burning the paper."

"Did you do so ?"

"Yes."

"What was the paper ?"

"A marriage certificate."

"Have you it here ?"

"Yes."

"Produce it."

A murmur of repressed excitement ran through the Court. Forster brushed the sweat from his brow ; full well he knew that the certificate was a record of his own marriage. Would he now be shamed before the whole Court ?"

"My Lord," said Jackson, "this is a record of a marriage between the prisoner and"—here Jackson looked Forster straight in the face—"a person unknown, that part of the certificate having been burnt away."

Turning again to Dr. Stanton he said, "Did the prisoner struggle to keep possession of the paper ?"

"She did."

"Did you then turn your attention to Miss Harley ?"

"Yes, but she was in the last stage, and writhing in agony."

"Did she die without saying a word ?"

"No, she simply said the word 'poisoned,' and was gone. I could do nothing for her."

"What was the nature of the poison ?"

"Strychnine."

"How did you know that ?"

"By the symptoms she showed when dying, and by what I found in a teacup by her bedside, and also by a post-mortem, which was held immediately after her death."

"Did the prisoner say anything to you after the death of the lady ?"

"Yes ; she said, 'She has committed suicide.'"

"Did you make any reply ?"

"Yes, I said that was a matter for the police to investigate."

"Did she seem alarmed when you said that ?"

"No ; she simply remarked, 'As you please.'"

"You then sent for the constable ?"

"Yes."

"As Miss Harley's regular medical attendant, can you say whether she ever betrayed signs of melancholia or insanity ?"

"No, she was always of a cheerful disposition."

"Do you know Mr. Forman?"

"Yes."

"What were the relations between him and the prisoner?"

"I know of nothing save rumour, and that was to the effect that they were engaged."

"Was Mr. Forman related to Miss Harley?"

"Yes, he was a third cousin."

"Was Miss Harley fond of Mr. Forman?"

"Not to my knowledge. She was proud of his kinship."

"Thank you; I have no more questions to ask."

Here Forster rose to cross-examine.

"Is strychnine a poison easily obtainable?"

"No."

"Would a hospital nurse have easy access to such a poison?"

"Not in this country."

"What was the name and address on the label attached to the bottle of poison?"

"Saunders, chemist, Forty-eighth Street, New York."

"To your knowledge, had the deceased lady ever visited New York?"

"Yes, she had—last year."

"Then it is quite possible she may have obtained the poison there herself?"

"It is extremely improbable."

"Answer me, yes or no, sir."

"Well, it is possible some chemists might be induced to sell some to customers of good reputation to destroy animals, but it is extremely unlikely."

"You say the prisoner was burning a paper at the fire which purports to have been a marriage certificate of herself to a person unknown. Had she not a right to destroy her own property if she so chose?"

"I suppose so."

"Why should there be anything suspicious about that?"

"It is not for me to say."

"I understand the deceased lady merely said the word 'poisoned'; she didn't say that any one poisoned her, did she?"

"No."

"No, of course she didn't. Isn't it a

fact that suicides very often deceive their best friends as to their intentions?"

"I have known such cases."

"Thank you. You may go down," said Forster, taking his seat, while Jackson rose to question the next witness.

"Stanley Forman, you are related to the deceased?"

"I am, distantly."

"You are, I understand, a single man?"

"Of course I am."

"Why 'of course'?"

"I don't see that it affects the case in any way."

"Allow me to be the best judge of that matter. You are here to answer my questions. I repeat, why do you say 'Of course I am'?"

"Because I don't believe in matrimony."

"Indeed! How long have you been acquainted with prisoner?"

"Since I stopped at Charlecombe Court, about six months ago."

"And you never saw her previous to that time?"

"No."

"Had you any serious intentions towards her?"

"No."

"You were fond of her?"

"I admired her."

"Have you ever been to New York?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Ten years ago."

"What were you doing there?"

"Nothing."

"Does your memory ever give you any trouble?"

"Sometimes."

"Then you think it possible that it may have slipped your notice that you went through a ceremony of marriage there?"

Here the witness, turning very white, appealed to the Judge.

"Must I answer that question, my Lord?"

"Yes, you must," was the curt reply.

"Well, then, sir, since you press me, I remember now that I did go through a form of marriage whilst there; but I don't see what my private affairs have to do with the case."

"Possibly not; only remember, sir,

that there is such an offence as perjury. Just now you said that six months ago you first saw the prisoner. By a copy of the registry books of St. Dunstan's, Third Avenue, New York, I see that ten years ago you married the prisoner. Possibly your memory failed you, and, no doubt, the prisoner might have been placed in the dock for bigamy had she not burnt an important part of the other marriage certificate."

At this astounding piece of news Forster felt the whole Court was spinning round. Was he, then, a free man after all?

But Jackson went on as if quite ignorant of the fact that he had removed a heavy load from his friend's shoulders.

"Where were you on the night when Miss Harley was taken ill?"

"In my room."

"Did any one summon you?"

"Yes, the prisoner."

"Why do you suppose that she came? Would not the servant have done as well?"

"I don't know."

"What did she say?"

"Come at once. Edith has poisoned herself with some stuff out of this bottle."

"What did you say to that?"

"Send for the doctor; it's strychnine."

"Did you suspect the prisoner?"

"No."

"Did you suspect any one?"

"No, why should I?"

"The prisoner was alone with the deceased lady while she drank her tea, was she not?"

"I don't know."

"My Lord and gentlemen of the jury," said Jackson, "I wish you to pay very special attention to the evidence which I am now about to call on Mr. Forman to give us, as it is the strongest information we yet have, and which incriminates the prisoner beyond question. You will see that witness gives all his evidence most reluctantly, as is only natural when you bear in mind the fact that he has been proved to be the husband of the prisoner. Stanley Forman, tell us what happened when you went downstairs with witness to the deceased lady's room."

"When I entered Miss Harley's room she was in great agony, and pointed at the prisoner, saying these words, 'Your wife has poisoned me!'"

"You liar!" rang out through the Court. It was the first time Agnes Hunt had spoken.

For a moment there was an indescribable scene in Court—people rising to their feet and hissing at the witness who could give such damning evidence against his wife with the ghost of a smile on his face.

"Order! Order!" shouted the usher.

"Unless there is immediate silence I will have the Court cleared," said the Judge.

When order had been restored, Forster was seen to be standing; he was deadly pale, and his features set hard. Jackson pitied him from the bottom of his heart, but inwardly reflected, "He will have all his work cut out to sever the cord from Agnes Hunt's neck, or I'm a Dutchman."

But he was now beginning his cross-examination of witness.

"Stanley Forman, you call yourself a gentleman, do you not?"

"I believe I am known as one."

"Of independent means?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever found yourself short of money?"

"Who hasn't?"

"Answer me my question, sir."

"Well, yes, at times."

"At which times you did not scruple to apply to your cousin?"

"No."

"Did she ever refuse you?"

"Once."

"And that was shortly before she was murdered?"

"I didn't say so."

"But you don't deny it? Was it not a secret that you were married to prisoner?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"It was not convenient to let it be known."

"Was that out of consideration to the prisoner—in short, to prevent proceedings being taken against her?"

"Precisely."

"You are a humane man, but you have no such scruples in this case?"

"It is a different matter."

"No, if she had been placed in prison for bigamy you would not have obtained your freedom. If you say your marriage with prisoner was a secret, how comes it that Miss Harley was aware of the fact?"

"She found it out."

"How?"

"My Lord, must I answer that question?"

"Yes."

"She discovered the prisoner coming out of my room one night, and we then had to tell her."

"Was she angry?"

"No, certainly not."

"Is it not a fact that you will benefit largely from Miss Harley's death?"

"I shall have a considerable inheritance which was known by every one; but if you mean to suggest, sir —"

"Who suggested anything? It would have been a very awkward thing for you if Miss Harley had disinherited you, would it not?"

"It would have been very unpleasant, but I could have turned to and earned my own living."

"But you as good as said a little while ago that you could do nothing."



"'YOU LIAR!' RANG OUT THROUGH THE COURT"

"Yes."

"Did she forgive you after?"

"Yes."

"How did she find out that prisoner had gone through a ceremony of marriage again?"

"I don't know; she got hold of the certificate somehow or other."

"Was she not very angry with you both?"

"Yes."

"Why with you?"

"Because I would not—I mean I don't know."

"You mean because she found out that it was with your knowledge and sanction?"

"Oh, I am young enough to turn to some profession or other."

"Medicine for preference, eh?"

"Certainly not."

"Ah, you surprise me. Have you no knowledge of poison?"

"None whatever."

"Then how comes it that when the prisoner came to your room saying that Miss Harley had poisoned herself with something out of a bottle, you answered, 'It's strychnine'?"

"From the label, of course."

"But I understood you answered at once without looking at the bottle, not that it would have mattered if you had, because not strychnine, but the

word poison, is merely marked on the label."

Here there was another sensation in Court, and for the first time witness passed his handkerchief over his brow.

"Although a hospital nurse, as we have already been told, would have no knowledge of poisons, I suppose, Sir, that it comes within the education of a medical student."

"Possibly; but how should I know?"

"Ah, I will refresh your memory, if you will be good enough to listen to this."

"Yes. Ten years ago a Stanley Forman was studying medicine at this institution — Central Hospital, New York."

"Do you deny that you were that person?"

"No."

"Then what about your ignorance of poisons?"

"I had not proceeded so far in my studies."

"Possibly not, but we are at liberty to form our own opinions on that subject."

"Thank you, you may go down."

"Call Emily Smith."

"My Lord," said Forster, "will you be good enough to issue an order that no witnesses leave the Court."

The order was made in time to prevent Mr. Forman from making himself scarce.

"Emily Smith, on the night of the murder did you see the prisoner run up to Mr. Forman's room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you follow her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because I was curious, and thought there was a sort of a mystery somewhere."

"Did you overhear any conversation?"

"Yes, sir."

"That which has already been described?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the prisoner and Mr. Forman come downstairs together?"

"No, sir. Miss Hunt came down by herself."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Forman remained in his room?"

"Did he add anything to what he has already said took place between him and prisoner?"

"Yes. He said, 'How disgusting, send for a doctor; I wouldn't look at her for worlds'!"

"Thank you, you may go down."

"Call Daniel Pulley."

"My Lord and gentlemen of the jury, I wish to draw your especial attention to the evidence of this witness, as I think it will prove to you conclusively that my client is innocent."

"Daniel Pulley, you are a solicitor, are you not?"

"I am."

"You were Miss Harley's confidential adviser, were you not?"

"Yes, I was."

"You have known her since a child?"

"I have."

"On the morning following her murder you received a letter from her, did you not?"

"Yes."

"You have it here?"

"Yes."

"Produce it."

Forster took it, and, turning to the judge, said, "My lord, I am ignorant of the contents of this letter. Shall I read it aloud to the jury?"

The judge nodded assent, and Forster read as follows:—

Charlecombe Court.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am writing you on a most painful subject. I wish you to come to see me at once, as I am about to alter my Will. You know that I had left my cousin and his children, if he married, everything I was possessed of. A short while ago it was my misfortune to find that he was already married, and at the moment of discovery, that that lady was a guest residing under my own roof. I had no high opinion of her; but as his wife I was determined that I would try and forget my prejudices and be a good friend to her. Two days ago I had occasion to go to a room in this house which I had given over to my cousin for a smoking room and study. I went ostensibly to look for some keys which I knew were in that room by an old bureau, wherein my cousin kept his papers. He was at this time in that room and asleep—it was after dinner. I did not disturb him. Whilst looking for these keys a marriage certificate caught my eye. Thinking that it belonged to my cousin and his wife, I took it up curiously. Imagine my horror, on reading it, to find that it

was a record of a marriage between my cousin's wife and another man—a record of *four years ago*, and Stanley and Agnes have been married *ten years*. I was rooted to the spot, when my cousin awoke and tried to snatch the paper from my hands. I resisted and asked him what he knew about it, and told him to tell me everything, which he refused to do. The whole matter is inexplicable, and after his violent conduct towards me, and his many escapades, which I have overlooked too often, I shall certainly disinherit him, or leave him a very small income. I have told him of this, and he is most violent about it; and to tell you the truth, I am rather frightened of him. So please, my dear old friend, do come and see me at once,

And believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

EDITH HARLEY.

"You may go down, Mr. Pulley," said Forster, and then turning round to face the jury he commenced his speech for the defence. After he had finished reading the letter silence reigned supreme in the Court, a silence that could be felt. All eyes were turned to this man, who in the last few minutes had lifted the chains of guilt from the shoulders of the prisoner and held them threateningly over the principal witness; all were listening breathlessly for the eloquent defence which they knew would come from such a man as Cyril Forster—he was now beginning.

"Gentlemen of the Jury: It is with the utmost confidence that I appeal to your good judgment in the case now before you. The evidence against the prisoner in the dock is of a most flimsy character, and I am sure that no jury would convict any one on such slight grounds. Let us take it bit by bit, for and against. Let us place the good and the evil in the scales, and see which will weigh down the heaviest.

"First of all we have the evidence against her of Emily Smith: what does it prove? Simply that she was Miss Harley's special maid, and that her mistress lost her temper at times. But the most important part of it is that the prisoner used a threat towards the deceased lady—'If you don't give it up, I'll make you, and there will be good reason for you never troubling me again then.' Well, give what up? Why, the marriage certificate. As I said before, the prisoner had a perfect right to her own property,

and it must have been maddening to have seen this property in the possession of one whom she perhaps thought would use it against her. In the heat of passion, we all know that threats come easiest to us. You must not be prejudiced against the prisoner because she has undoubtedly been a bad woman; if she were the worst woman ever created, that is nothing to do with us—nothing at all. The question for you to decide is, Did she or did she not poison Miss Harley? So I pray you dismiss from your minds all question of bigamy and illicit love—that is for another Court to decide. It has been proved that the prisoner is acquainted with New York, and might have obtained the poison there; but was not it also proved that the deceased lady had visited New York? and though I for one do not believe she committed suicide, yet the idea is equally feasible. We have it from the lips of the matron of the hospital that, in her capacity of nurse, the prisoner would be entirely unacquainted with the properties of deadly poisons. Then are we to believe that a woman, and a young woman too, would use such a cruel and deadly means to obtain a paper that would at the most give her a few years' imprisonment? I won't deny that her conduct was strange on the arrival of the doctor; but no doubt her one great idea at the moment was to get rid of the damning certificate. At such times as these people frequently lose their heads. Then we have the one word spoken by Miss Harley before she died—'Poisoned.' By whom she did not state, but it might have applied equally to any one in the house. We have Mr. Forman's evidence, which may be taken for what it is worth. He says that he went down with the prisoner to Miss Harley's room; but the witness Emily Smith proves that he did not go down. That is all the evidence against the prisoner, and were it to convict her none of us would be safe. Did the deceased lady, in her letter to her solicitor, say that she was frightened of the prisoner? No, gentlemen, it is another person she was frightened of; and if we think for one moment on such slight grounds that this woman can be guilty of the murder of Edith

Harley, what shall we think of the man who perjures himself in order to incriminate his own wife? What can his motive be? You may well ask. Was it to free himself from a troublesome burden, and to go out into society an unfettered man, from his relative's decease, when the delay of another day would have left him penniless? Had not somebody to suffer for his cousin's death—why not his wife? Thus he would kill two birds with one stone. Why should he say that the deceased lady had poisoned herself with strychnine, when he professes himself ignorant of all poisons, when there was nothing on the bottle to prove it was strychnine? Why should he say that he was ignorant of poisons when it has been proved that he was at one time a medical student in New York? In what countries are medical students ignorant of poisons? Why—why—why should he refuse to go down to see his cousin when she was dying? Would it not have been natural for the only man in the house to have rendered the first assistance? What kept him back? Was it guilt? Mind, I am not saying he is the guilty one; but I only want to place the case clearly before you, so that you shall see that if one person can be placed in the dock on such slight grounds for suspicion, how much more ought the person to be put there against whom certainly things look very black? Did not Miss Harley say that he was violent? Has he not told lie after lie in the witness-box? What object had he in telling these lies? So that he might cruelly sever a tie which he found irksome. That is the answer. Also bear in mind that, if Edith Harley had lived another day, Stanley Forman would have been penniless. He—an extravagant man about town—would have dreaded that state of things very much more than the prisoner a few years' imprisonment; and, besides, are we likely to believe for a moment that Miss Harley would have had criminal proceedings taken against her relative by marriage? "She may have said so in the heat of passion, but she would never have done so; and you may be sure, therefore, whose motive was the strongest for murder—the prisoner's or Stanley

Forman's. Gentlemen, it is with the utmost confidence that I appeal to your verdict in the matter, and I rest assured of your decision."

The Judge summed up in the prisoner's favour, and the jury, not leaving their seats, gave the unanimous verdict—

"NOT GUILTY."

Agnes Hunt was leaving the dock a free woman, saved by the man who had the most cause to hate her—she who had darkened his life, and who, but for the good friendship of his friend Jackson, might have left the Court bound hand and foot with the fetters of a bad woman's vows.

Five minutes later the newspaper boys were shouting—

"ARREST OF STANLEY FORMAN."

• • • • •
"Well, old chap, when are you going to be married?"

"Thanks to you, Jackson, in about a month's time."

"By Jingo! Forster, that was a brilliant defence of yours. All London is ringing with it. The music-halls have taken you up and made a song of it—in fact, you will be a nine days' wonder."

"The sooner it's forgotten the better I shall be pleased. But what I want to know is, How did you find all that out about Agnes Hunt's marriage?"

"By taking a sea voyage before her trial, and visiting New York; the change did me a wonderful lot of good. I owe you a debt of gratitude."

"Great Scott! you are a friend worth having. The way you went for Forman any one would think that it was your duty to prove that he was guilty of marrying Agnes Hunt, rather than that Agnes Hunt was guilty of murder."

"By the way, Forster, have you heard from her—had a cheque or anything?"

"I had another offer of marriage from her, saying that, should certain circumstances make a free woman of her, she would marry me out of love this time. I merely wrote across the paper, 'Once bit, twice shy,' and returned it."

"What do you say to a dinner at the 'Frascati'?"

"Excellent."

"Then right away."

Six weeks later Stanley Forman was tried and found guilty of the murder of

Edith Harley, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

His wife was the principal witness for the prosecution.



"IT IS WITH THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE THAT I APPEAL TO YOUR
VERDICT IN THE MATTER."

Curious Old Customs Still in Vogue

WRITTEN BY GEORGE A WADE, B.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



THE GUILDHALL, PETERBOROUGH



THE purpose of this article is to bring before the reader a few quaint ceremonies which have their origin in the far distant past, and have still so managed to survive the shocks and changes of modern days as to be vigorous and flourishing in our own generation, and to be worthy, from their very picturesqueness and antiquity, of more care and attention than the prosaic people of to-day often bestow upon them.

Dealing with them in order of undoubted antiquity, the premier place must, I think, be awarded to what is known, in the Isle of Man, as "Tynwald Day." This is the 5th of July, commonly known amongst Manxmen as Old Midsummer Day.

At St. John's, in the centre of the Island, is a curiously-shaped hill, called the Tynwald Hill. It consists of a mound, built in four circular terraces, on an open green, whose shape resembles that of a guitar.

Here, on the above-mentioned day, the Governor of the Isle of Man promulgates, or reads out, the laws which have been passed by the native Parliament, the House of Keys. The green is covered by an immense crowd of people, Manxmen and visitors, from all parts of the island, who have come on foot or in every imaginable kind of conveyance, to witness the annual cere-

mony. There is, as may readily be supposed, the usual accompaniment of cheap-jacks, side shows, and sweets vendors, and the hullabaloo is simply deafening.

On the topmost terrace of the mount are placed two armchairs under a canopy, and above them flies a flag from a high pole. These chairs are for the Governor and the Bishop. The ground is kept by a regiment of soldiers with rifles and bayonets, assisted by a company of marines with drawn swords.

By the side of the green is the church, and here, on the day in question, the representatives of law and majesty first attend service, for the "Law Day" of the Manx Island is always thus opened. On the completion of this service the band of the regiment present plays the National Anthem, and the Governor, Bishop, Council, and Clergy then walk to the top of the hill. The Governor wears court dress, a cocked hat, and has the sword of state carried before him; the Bishop wears full canonicals.

Then the senior Deemster, i.e., magistrate, reads the titles of the new laws in English, and is followed by the Coroner of the Glenfaba Sheading, who recites them in Manx. After this ceremony the band again plays "God Save the Queen," and the procession returns to the church to sign the newly-promulgated laws.

This singular custom is at least over

one thousand years old, even so far as the Isle of Man is concerned. In itself it probably dates even farther backwards into the dimness of ages, seeing that the first Manxmen brought it with them from the bleak shores of Iceland, when they colonised the "green spot 'mid the billows of the ocean." In its northern mother-land it is now a thing of the past, having fallen into disuse as a regular ceremony since the year 1800.

But in the Manx Island it is more vigorous than ever, and is becoming now a regular gala day, at which visitors make a point of being present. As a ceremony, it must be confessed that it

shops, and its red-tiled houses. Life here goes on much as it did in the "good old times" so dear to the memories of many; change is slow, and the people are methodical. They used to be noted for the production of spurs — "Ripon rowels" were once famous throughout Europe. But probably to-day, Ripon is best known for its Bishop and its Marquis, and from their fame its name has become world-celebrated.

Yet there takes place every day, or, to be more correct, every night, in Ripon, a ceremony which may well call attention to its antiquity, the noted "horn-blowing." Ripon has a history of over



PROMULGATION OF THE LAWS ON THE TYNWALD HILL

is somewhat boring and tedious. Its extreme popularity arises from its quaintness, and its affording a holiday and rendezvous for old acquaintances who seldom otherwise meet.

If it were rather better managed from a stage point of view, it might be made the most picturesque of our old customs.

An exceedingly ancient custom has its home in the very old peaceful city of Ripon, whose minster has looked for so many centuries quietly and serenely down upon the clear waters of the Yore, in North Yorkshire. A regular "country-town" sort of city is Ripon, with its old-fashioned market, its quaint

one thousand years behind its municipal archives, surely that is something to be proud of! A few years ago it celebrated its "millennium" on a scale which did it credit. And the "horn-blowing" custom is, say many of the residents, as old as the city. If this be granted, and indeed it certainly is hard to disprove, the Tynwald Hill ceremony has a very severe rival.

At nine o'clock every evening there marches into the market-square of Ripon the municipal horn-blower, and takes up his position at the market-cross. He wears a livery, with the conspicuous three-cornered hat, a prominent feature of it. The ancient horn—there is no

doubt of this article being hundreds of years old, its appearance and all records prove it—is slung from his shoulder by long straps.

The horn-blower gives three vigorous "toot-toots" on the old instrument of music, and very quaint and ancient it sounds to the spectator who has not previously heard it.

It is supposed to be a kind of curfew-signal, that it is time for all good citizens to retire to rest, and put out their lights. One need scarcely say, however, that that part of the ceremony is not carried out, nor does the municipal authority insist on such a thing, as it did less than a thousand years ago.

That exceedingly curious custom known as "Beating the Boundaries" is still carried on annually in many country towns and parishes. It must be confessed, however, that the practice has been very intermittent in late years, and has dropped through altogether in some places formerly noted for it. Morley in Yorkshire, Dunstable in Bedfordshire, Teddington in Middlesex, and other spots have long had a reputation for this ceremony, and what describes one will describe them all.

Recently, at Dunstable, shortly after the election of the new Mayor, the practice was gone through of "beating the bounds and bumping." The Mayor, attended by several members of the Town Council, set out from the Town Hall at ten o'clock. A sum of money had been granted, according to usage, by the Council, to supply the "beaters" with bread and cheese and beer. On coming to the first boundary post, the crowd took his Worship, the Town Clerk, and the Surveyor, and lifting them up, "bumped" them very unceremoniously on the top of the post, thus forcibly reminding them of where the boundary was.

After passing along several streets the party had to go right through the centre of some cultivated fields, a task by no means comfortable on a muddy autumn day. On passing round the cemetery it was found that a new bay window, added lately to the caretaker's house, covered the boundary line, and so the

"beating" party had to proceed over the top of the window by means of ladders and planks.

As they had now been tramping more than two and a-half hours—an unusual proceeding with most of them—a halt was made, and the Council's provision was ravenously devoured, the scene of action being a meadow. On resuming, it was found that, after some distance, several buildings and sheds were in the direct line of procedure, and these had to be surmounted and crossed as before.

Several dozen new aspirants to local fame now joined the party, and were "bumped" with great gusto at the next post reached. Twice after this it was discovered that a house had been built over the ancient line of route, and on each occasion the Mayor's party had to climb ladders and go over the roof. At the latter obstruction there was much amusement caused by several gentlemen who had just come into the town by train being inveigled by the "beaters" to come and give their opinions as to where a certain post should be placed, and then, on being thus caught, having, often reluctantly, to undergo the "bumping" process.

The whole ceremony ended with a dinner in the evening given by the Mayor to the members of the Council and some personal friends.

This custom of "beating the bounds" and "bumping" is a very ancient one. In whose reign it first originated it is now almost impossible to say, but there are records existing in Anglo-Saxon of the exact laying down of the boundary posts and marks long before the time of King Alfred. In these records it is often stated "Thou shalt go," or some similar phrase, which would tend to give the idea that even then some similar, if not the same, process was carried out. The "bumping" is doubtless of later date, being probably a relic of the facetiousness of the Middle Ages.

That grim yet fascinating building, the Tower of London, still retains a ceremony which has come down from very ancient times, and is yet performed nightly. I refer to the custom known technically as "Locking up the Tower." Though the place has long ceased to be

even a fortress, in the modern sense of the term, let alone a prison for disaffected or traitorous subjects of the Sovereign, there are still treasures to be guarded from thieves, objects to be kept safe from the hands of the enemy. Even were this not so, it would be a pity that such an ancient and picturesque ceremony should come to an end, so let us hope this will not happen yet, at any rate.

The Tower is guarded, or supposed to be, by the Beefeaters, in their old Henry VIII. costumes of crimson and black; by the Yeomen of the Guard, whose tunics of scarlet are very showy; and by a regiment of soldiers which is quartered in the barracks there.

Every evening, just before midnight, the Chief Warder and the Yeoman Porter meet together, and proceed to the main-guard room. The Yeoman Porter carries in his hand his bunch of great keys, and on arriving at the guard-room, he asks for "the escort of the keys." This escort consists of a Beefeater (a sergeant) and six private soldiers. The sergeant carries a lantern,

and the whole party then proceeds to the outer gate, where the soldiers assist the Yeoman Porter to close it. The latter then takes his keys and locks the gate, after which the procession is re-formed for the return.

As the party passes the sentinels on its way back, the latter challenges it with "Who goes there?" The Yeoman Porter makes answer, "The keys." Then the sentinel further inquires, "Whose keys?" and the functionary responds, "Queen Victoria's keys." To this the sentry calls out, "Advance, Queen Victoria's keys," and the escort proceeds onward to the main-guard.

When this is reached the same ceremony is gone through, at the conclusion of which, however, the officer of the guard and the escort salute the keys by presenting arms, after which the Yeoman Porter exclaims aloud, "God preserve Queen Victoria!"

The keys are then carried by the same guardian to the Queen's House, or as it is sometimes called, the Governor's House, and placed for the night in the Constable's office.



THE QUEEN'S KEYS—"GOD SAVE HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. AMEN."

It will easily be conjectured how striking and picturesque is the above-described little ceremony. One may be excused for regretting that its performance, necessarily taking place at night, is practically barred from being seen or widely known by the general public.

Another very old civic custom is that which the town of Peterborough observes every year. In connection with the famous railway town there is what is known as the Bridge Fair held annually. It is a gathering of the countryside from far and near, held both for business and pleasure, and is looked forward to by all classes for long beforehand. The antiquity of the fair is

beyond dispute, since it certainly was under the patronage of the Abbots of Peterborough in the olden times, and as they have been *non est* for the last few hundred years, the fair can claim some prolonged existence.

It is now generally held in the fields known as the "Fair Fields," which adjoin the main line of the Great Northern Railway, and are bounded by the waters of the River Nene. During the time the fair is held, travellers on the railway get an excellent view of it from the train as they fly past the fields.

In the "good old days of long ago" the Dean and Chapter used to attend the opening ceremony, and the fair was always "proclaimed" in their name, occasionally by them. In these later days this duty of "proclaiming the fair" has come as a legacy to the Town Council, who, pleasant to relate, take much interest in it, and do not think it "rubbish" simply because it is "old."

At noon on the first day of the fair the Mayor and Corporation proceed from the Guildhall to the town bridge. They do not wear their official robes, as Jupiter *Pluvius* is often in evidence

in the late autumn, and the vicinity of the river Nene is scarcely the spot for purple robes and edgings of fur. At the bridge a proclamation is made that the fair will be held in Northamptonshire, as well as in the neighbouring county of Huntingdonshire. Any one who looks at the border position of Peterborough on the map of England will easily see the reason of this. Then the procession moves onward to the "Fair Fields," where the same proclamation is read out.

At each proclamation, besides narrating the place and time of the fair, there is read out an exhortation to the people, requiring that those who attend the fair



GOING TO PROCLAIM THE FAIR AT PETERBOROUGH

shall behave themselves "orderly and soberly," and shall "pay all their just dues and demands."

Both these clauses are certainly necessary for the average showman's guidance, as well as for the benefit of the attending masses. But the last one gives a glimpse of the reason why so much interest was, in olden times, taken in the fair by the authorities of the Cathedral. As to the Town Councils of to-day, well, the man who pays rates doesn't find them forgetting many "of their just dues and demands," eh?

The ceremony of thus "proclaiming" the fair being ended, the invariable rule is that the Mayor of Peterborough shall



PROCLAIMING THE FAIR AT PETERBOROUGH

entertain the Corporation to a sausage and champagne luncheon, which was duly carried out at the late proclamation.

The proclamation itself is done by the town-crier, who, for this occasion at any rate, becomes a person of vast importance and dignity. His work being imposing, he wears his official dress, and doubtless feels no small pride at the thought that for once in the year he is the central figure of the Corporation procession!

One of the best-known customs bequeathed to the present generation by the ancient days is that of the "Dunmow Flitch." In this case, as most people are aware, a flitch of good bacon is presented to the couple—or couples, if more than one lay claim to it—who can truthfully take the oath below, which was the original form of a more modern version—

*You do swear by custom of confession
That you ne'er made nuptial transgression;
Nor, since you were married man and wife,
By household brawl or contentious strife,
Or otherwise in bed or board,
Offended each other in deed and word;
Or since the parish clerk said "Amen,"
Wished yourself unmarried again;
Or, in twelve months and a day,
Repented not in thought anyway,
But continued true in thought and desire,
As when you joined hands in holy choir?*

Every summer, on an appointed day, the old ceremony of awarding the flitch

of bacon to those who can thus swear is observed at Great Dunmow, in Essex. The affair is said to have formerly had its seat at Little Dunmow, which place, however, gradually let it fall into decadence, from which fate Great Dunmow finally rescued it when the old ceremony was revived in 1892. The first origin of the custom is dated back to the Abbot of Dunmow Priory in the reign of Henry III., about

the middle of the thirteenth century.

Great Dunmow keeps the annual festival in high style, with all modern accompaniments, including whirligigs and pony races. In a field—which does duty for the amateur racecourse, by the way—a tent is set up, and the flitches of bacon to be competed for are hung on poles outside it, in full view of an admiring crowd. From the population of the village—or should we say "town"?—a judge is chosen, whilst other prominent men represent "counsel" for and against the claimants. There is also a jury, which is composed of representatives of both sexes, unmarried, of course! The "judge" and "counsel" appear in real wigs and gowns, borrowed for the occasion, and "briefs" are very much in evidence. The trial proceeds exactly as in a court of law, except that the cross-examination of the parties and witnesses is probably keener, on the whole, for one must not forget that there are ladies in the sham jury box, and we know what they are at probing into secrets!

"Counsel" address the jury, the "judge" sums up, and the "clerk of the court" asks the "ladies and gentlemen of the jury" to consider their verdict. If that is "guilty," the couple get no flitch; if "not guilty," they go home rejoicing, with the bacon probably under the cart seat.

After the ceremony the winning

couples are driven round the "race-course" in an open landau, the clerk precedes them, and the "court" follows in a waggonette, whilst the "jury" comes next in a larger waggonette, which, however, is never large enough, as there is a vast amount of squeezing always necessary before the "jury" gets settled!

The band plays, the crowd cheers, and everybody looks extremely well pleased, as the procession perambulates Great Dunmow—all except those disappointed couples whom the mixed

"jury" has rejected! The great concourse of spectators and visitors from the neighbouring villages keep up the feast till midnight hour draws nigh, and then the six or seven thousand who have assisted in the "Dunmow Flitch" annual ceremonies disperse to their various homes.

It is one of our oldest ceremonies, perhaps as comic an old custom as any still left to us. And, as before stated, it has had its ups and downs, its decays and revivals. But it seems fixed again now, and long may it flourish!



CHAIRING THE FLITCH-WINNERS.

The Colonisation of Siberia

WRITTEN BY ROBERT L. JEFFERSON,

Author of "To Constantinople on a Bicycle"; "Across Siberia on a Bicycle"; etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



OME one has written that Siberia is to Russia what Canada is to England, a vast landed heritage only waiting to be developed. The extent of these northern possessions of the Czar is so vast that it is estimated that if it could be taken up bodily it would completely cover the whole of Europe, excepting European Russia and the whole of North America, and then still be more than large enough. This enormous possession is even to this day very sparsely populated. The nomadic tribes—such as the Bashkires, Khirghiz, Tun-

gus, Buriats, Votiaks, Kamchakdales, and Samoyedes scarcely count, so infinitesimal are their numbers to the millions of acres comprising Siberia. The Russian population is scattered over the whole of Asiatic Russia, from the eastern base of the Urals to the Pacific coast—a veritable handful of seed blown by the wind over a ten-acre field, the official computation of the population being (including both Russians and Aborigines) one man to every five square miles. The first cause of the extremely slow process in populating Siberia may be set down to its distance and inaccessibility from



EMIGRANTS READY FOR THE CARAVAN MARCH



EMIGRANTS DTRAINING ON OMSK STEPPE

the congested districts of Russia, the only means of reaching its heart, up till the commencement of the trans-Siberian railway, being by the lonely tarantass or the occasional steamers plying the tortuous waterways of the Irtish and Obi systems. The Siberian railway, however, promises to consider-

ably alter this state of things, combined with the startling fact that Southern Russia is rapidly getting over-crowded. Another stumbling block to the rapid development of Siberia has been the great prejudice existing against it throughout European Russia, a prejudice which may be said to be far greater



CAMP OF EMIGRANTS ON THE STEPPE

than that existing amongst foreigners. For almost countless years Siberia has been the dumping ground for criminals of the worst class. Siberia has been held up as a Bastille-like threat to every Muscovite. Mothers have for ages quieted their noisy children with "Hush, or I will send you to Siberia!" And thus every man who goes to Siberia, voluntarily or otherwise, is looked upon as an exile. Although the want of communication may be set down as the first, the chief cause undoubtedly exists in Siberia having been made a penal

(then Czarevitch) took his memorable journey across the Steppes and mountains from the Pacific coast. And then came Alexander's famous ukase, "Let there be a railway built across Siberia—the shortest way possible." The Czarevitch was then in Vladivostock, the Russian Pacific port; a telegram from St. Petersburg bade him remain there and await the corner-stone which was to be laid in Vladivostock, as the foundation piece of what will, in the course of a few years, rank as the monumental railway enterprise of the nineteenth



EMIGRANTS DTRAINING BY KRASNOIARSK

colony—a mistake, if mistake it can be called, which we ourselves made in our transportation scheme to Australia of half a century back.

It is said the great famine of 1890-1 which spread throughout Southern Russia turned the eyes of the government Siberia-wards as a possible outlet for surplus population. The late Czar had ever taken a kindly interest in his Asiatic possessions, and it was the dream of his life to see Siberia developed to its fullest extent. The wish was commendable, but the means were lacking. It was in order to see with Imperial eyes what Siberia was that the present Czar

century. Alexander, right up to his death, cherished his colonisation scheme, and the heritage he left his son has been energetically pushed forward.

Some assert that the idea which dominated the Siberian railway scheme, was that of strategy. While there may exist the strategical undercurrent, no one who has passed over the line from end to end as far as it is constructed—and I have done this pilgrimage three times inside the past twelve months—can be oblivious of the fact that, at present, at any rate, the principal object of the railway is the transportation of emigrants to the fertile valleys of

Central Siberia. *En route* from Krasnoiarsk (the present terminus of the line) to Europe, the train-bound traveller passes train-load after train-load of outward-bound emigrants. At such places as Chelabinsk, Kurgan, Omsk, Kainsk, and Atchinsk, emigrants by the hundred are detrained and may be seen encamped by the roadside, awaiting their further transportation north, south, or east. The numbers are evidence complete that the attractions offered by the government outweigh entirely prejudice and the discomfort of a long journey.

The principle underlying Russia's colonisation scheme is similar to England's policy with regard to Canada, only that the means are easier and the efforts and influence more energetic and widespread. The agents of the government are sent to the most thickly populated or distressed portion of European Russia, and there the desirability of emigrating to Siberia is impressed upon the more industrious of the peasantry, but who, in Russia itself, can scarcely make both ends meet. Ne'er-do-wells are not catered for, but the Russian government offers inducements to the

willing, and at the same time fixes a nominal fare to Siberia, in order to keep out the absolute drones. This fare is fixed at the rate of 1-20th of a penny per verst, and thus it is possible for a peasant to travel, say, 3,000 versts (2,000 miles), for the moderate sum of six roubles (13s. 3d.). From Southern Russia this would land the emigrant in the heart of Siberia.

On arrival at his destination the colonist is given a free grant of land, 10 deseteens in area, which equals about 27 acres English. He has permission to cut enough wood to build his house and fencing, and to provide him with fuel for one year. Thus, with a clear start, and providing the peasant is abstemious and frugal, there is every opportunity for him of not only being able to feed and clothe himself and his family warmly and cleanly, but of making a small profit out of agricultural pursuits. For purposes of comparison it may be as well to state that in Russia itself the peasant is allowed only 4 deseteens of land, and as the price of agriculture is abnormally low, it is next door to impossible for him to make ends



COLONISTS ERECTING THEIR HOUSES IN WINTER

meet; inasmuch as the rude agricultural implements he uses and the entire absence of artificial fertilisation, in a few years impoverishes his property to such an extent that it is hopeless. With the increased acreage in Siberia, a better climate, and a richer soil, his chances are enhanced, while a powerful factor is that agricultural prices all round rank from fifty to a hundred per cent. higher than in European Russia. Of course, such prices will not last for ever, but as Siberia, minerally and commercially, is far richer than Russia itself, the peasant is bound to come in for some of the reflected prosperity.

point of detrainment the emigrants are compelled to camp on the Steppe or on the mountain side until some provision is made for them to proceed to the land apportioned off to their use. The filth, the rags, the utter woe-begone aspect of the Russian emigrant is something inconceivable to the European; but then it must be remembered that the Russian moujik is used to roughing it all his life, and to hog in forty together in a cattle truck, or to sleep by the camp-fire with no more covering than the stars, is no very great hardship for him.

It must be gratifying to the Russian government that the advantages offered



ONE OF THE EMIGRANT'S HOUSES

The Westerner might, perhaps, take exception to the manner in which the emigrants are transported to Siberia. I confess it came upon me at first with a shock. The emigrant's train is simply one of cattle trucks, each car being marked on the side for "forty men or eight horses." There are no seats or lights provided, and into each of these pens forty men, women, and children have to herd over a dreary railway journey of fourteen or fifteen days. They have to provide their own food, but at every station a huge "Samovar" is kept boiling in order to provide them with hot water for their tea. At the

to the peasant have been keenly appreciated, and the difficulty which now exists is to get the land ready for all the overwhelming tide of colonists flowing into Siberia. Last year alone, nearly a quarter of a million peasants left Russia for Siberia. At that time neither the railway nor the colonisation department were able to cope with the rush, and the Emperor was compelled to issue the ukase commanding the officials of the various Siberian departments to drop all other State work and for the time being devote their efforts to the colonisation movement. For a time things were in a rather chaotic state,

and a large number of emigrants, finding no land ready for them, returned to Russia.

Last autumn I had a long and interesting conversation with one of the head officials of the colonisation department. He was on his way to Turkestan, there to confer with the officials regarding the colonisation of that valuable and practically un-Russianised possession. He assured me that the rush for land in Siberia had not only completely astonished the authorities, but was rather startling in the fact that it threatened to deplete portions of Russia of labour. The Russian peasant is of such a simple, guileless disposition that he is apt to think the inducements

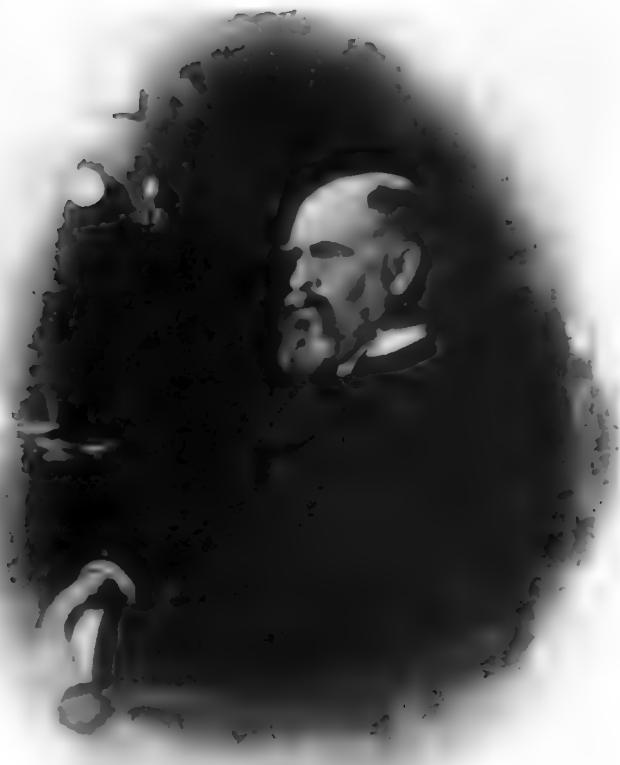
offered to him are the means to a comparative paradise. Thus many of the emigrants have suffered sore disappointment, and partly from this and from home-sickness have returned to Russia.

The government is, however, grappling manfully with the task it has set itself, and it will take but a few short years to even-up the disproportionate population of Russia considerably. One fact cannot be overlooked, and that is, that the trans-Siberian railway, apart from its political and commercial significance, is likely to be handed down to posterity as the means by which the riches of the Great White Czar were brought to the thresholds of his people.



“The Weather Office”

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
BY REGINALD H. COCKS



ROBERT H. SCOTT, F.R.S., SECRETARY
Photo by R. H. Cocks

EVEN Messrs. Fahrenheit and Centigrade (as the schoolboy put it) sometimes fail to truthfully record the very mixed “samples” which “Ammuricans,” amongst other generous donors, are said to contribute towards our discreditable climate.

A wit once said of the English climate that on a fine day it was like looking up a chimney, on a rainy day like looking down it.

Another savant remarked that London has weather, but no climate; it had nine months winter, and bad weather the rest of the year!

No sooner has one formidable depression overtaken us than another is promised of larger magnitude to follow in its wake, while our cousins across the “pond” chuckle over this “weather permitting” land of ours.

Pondering over this chameleon-climate, I was led to seek the permission of Mr. Robert H. Scott, the courteous Secre-

tary of the Meteorological Council, to enable me to briefly describe the arduous duties of forecasting which so versatile a clime entails.

The numerous gentlemen engaged spared no pains to render every facility, and I must take this opportunity of thanking them, one and all, for their kindness.

The Council has capacious chambers in Victoria Street, while various weather reports stand out in bold lettering from an upper balcony, signifying that this office has telegraphic connection with various important positions on our coasts. This frame is changed at 9.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. every week-day, and displays telegraphic information from six of the principal stations, namely, Yarmouth, Dungeness, the Needles (Hurst Castle), Scilly, Holyhead, and Valencia.

Charts also showing the very latest reports received are posted up at the entrance for public inspection.

Having had, then, the privilege of a brief interview with the well-known



THE WARNING DEPARTMENT

Photo by R. H. Cocks

Secretary, who, by the way, occupies a handsome office on the second floor, we descend the stone staircase to enter a room with door marked "Telegraph," but better known as the "Storm Warning and Forecast" Department.

This is the busiest Department of any, and that is one reason for its being on the first floor, as near as possible to the entrance, thus permitting easy access to the numerous and constant stream of

messengers from the Press and elsewhere.

The receiving and despatching of all reports is here undertaken, besides very much else that also requires assiduous attention.

Time is, perhaps, valued in no other place to a greater extent than in a Meteorological Office, for the busy hum of dictated reports barely ceased for a second while the camera (the legs of



THE TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT

Photo by R. H. Cocks

which trembled as they overheard the warnings—"Barometer falling rapidly. Dungeness 46, 43 less 56 . . . S.E. Gales," etc.) endeavoured to make and leave an impression.

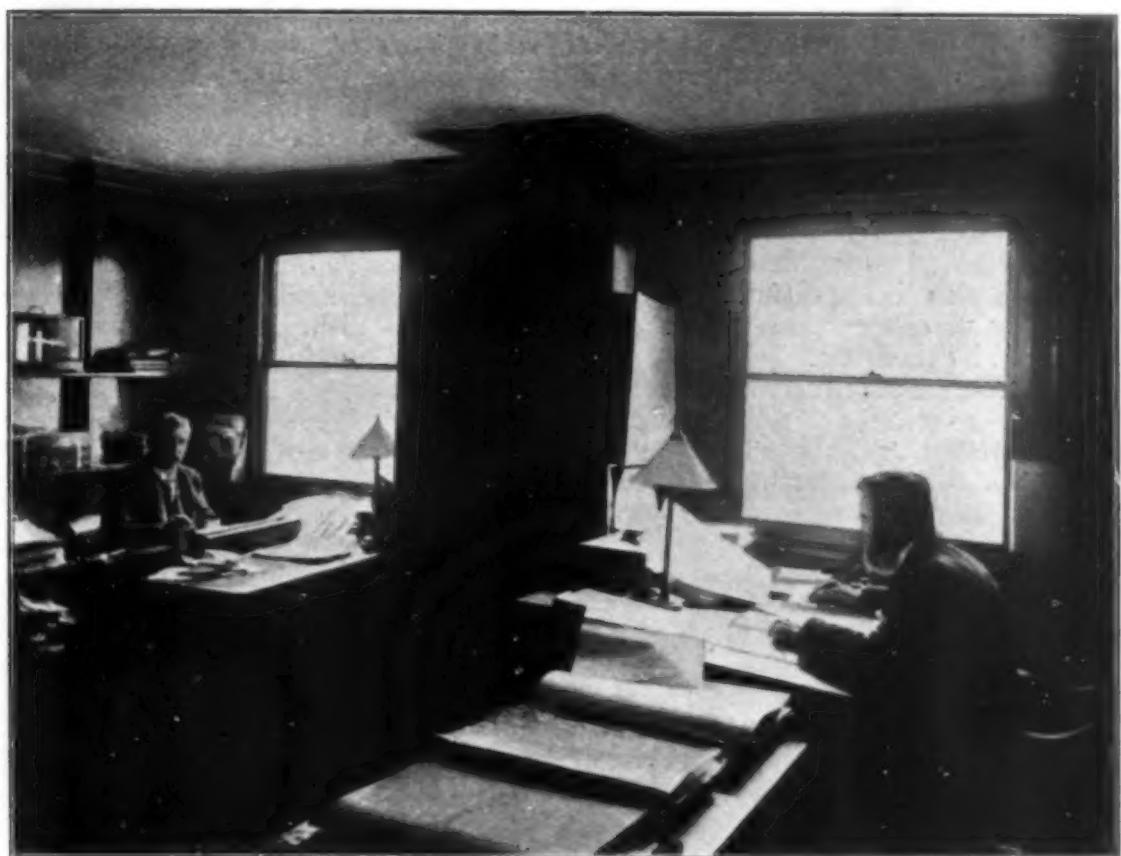
And how widespread a connection this Office has! There are no less than 253 stations in the British Isles from which daily reports are received, either by telegraph or on monthly sheets, not including twelve Continental points under similar regulations.

regard to legal points where sea collisions and damage by wind are concerned.

(3) Fifteen Barograph stations supply data concerning the rate of movement of various depressions by means of self-recording aneroids.

(4) We shall have more to say about the apparatus used at these Sunshine stations, of which there are forty-eight.

(5) The observations at thirty Telegraphic reporting stations are taken by



THE TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT

Photo by R. H. COCKS

The nature of the information received is, of course, varied. There are seven classes of "stations." (1) The Observatories, of which there are seven, furnish a continuous record of pressure, temperature, wind, sunshine, and rainfall, "with frequent eye observations of cloud and weather."

(2) There are nine Anemograph stations for supplying a continuous record. Their "forte" relates to storms, but they are also often of invaluable importance as affording evidence with

"eye," but self-recording aneroids are also in use. These stations furnish the material upon which the daily reports are made, both of the weather and forecasts.

Then we come to "Second Order" and "Third Order" stations. Seventy-three of the former furnish complete climatological information from eye observations taken twice daily. The "Third" order is on similar lines to the "Second," but not so complete.

Here we have, then, merely a skeleton

of the incredible amount of information for which this — the Meteorological Office—is responsible.

Some of these stations transmit messages as often as three times a day, while others only twice.

Sea temperature is not omitted, for daily observations are taken of this, as also of "sea disturbance," at certain points.

It is a curious anomaly that both Oxford and Cambridge should be prolific of weather-extreme reports, but 'Varsity men know best: and that is another story.

We will now betake ourselves to the Marine Branch, more technically termed "Ocean Meteorology."

This department undertakes to lend to *bonâ fide* observers (in most cases captains of important vessels) a complete outfit of verified instruments, on condition of the same being returned together with a log of observations which have been made by their use.

One barometer, six thermometers with a screen—a wooden covering having open "venetian" sides—and four hydrometers constitute the outfit. Both Her Majesty's ships and those vessels in the Mercantile Marine are correspondingly supplied with instruments, while some of the observers gain the distinction of "excellent."

We notice some Royal Navy logs in the immediate foreground of this picture.

To give an example of the thoroughness with which these ocean charts are compiled, in one case no less than 75,000 observations were taken, showing the force as well as the direction of the wind likely to be experienced in any one part of the sea in question.

The entire number of instruments supplied to the Royal Navy, Naval Stations, the Admiralty, the Mercantile Marine, Fishing Villages, etc., amounts to some thousands per annum, to say nothing of those in use at Observatories and other stations on land.

One may roughly calculate the value of all the instruments lent when it is said that the contract price of a set of thermometers is two guineas, aneroids £3. 10s. each, a deep-sea reversing thermometer £2, a sun recorder about £6.

We have next a small collection of instruments before us. The thermometer to the extreme left was used in the "70's" during a scientific expedition in H.M.S. "Porcupine." We notice that the porcelain face is chipped; this occurred through the enormous pressure of water due to the depth to which the instrument was sunk.

Hydraulic presses are used to test the instruments, and as a rule thermometers of this description will stand a pressure of five tons on the square inch; they have borne eight tons on the inch, but under so great a strain they show errors. Five tons on the square inch is the usual pressure test.

We see a modern deep-sea thermometer on the extreme right of the picture. The aneroid just showing beneath it was once the property of the Hon. Ralph Abercromby, who made wonderful weather studies whilst travelling because of ill-health. As the work of one man, they are deemed extraordinary.

The second thermometer on the left was used on board the Yacht "Fox" in the year 1859 for deep-sea observations.

The deepest distance that a thermometer can or has been lowered to in the ocean is said to be about 5,000 fathoms.

All this time we have been in the branch known and marked as "Instruments," where shelves upon shelves and cupboards full of these varied specialities are stocked.

No instruments are, of course, manufactured at the office itself, Messrs. Negretti & Zambra undertake this responsibility, or Messrs. Hicks or Casella, whilst the instruments are tested at the Kew Observatory.

The remaining thermometer is a deep-sea reversing instrument, and was designed according to Admiral Fitzroy's wish, namely that it should be large.

Now we come to the sun recorders: that instrument which is shown to the left of the picture is considered to be the best adapted for this purpose. Sir Geo. Gabriel Stokes designed the instrument. The inventor had many difficulties to surmount, but has successfully overcome them all.

A pale blue card marked off in sections is slipped into a groove just behind

the glass globe, whilst the sun makes a burning-glass of this glass ball. One great difficulty was to get the cards a reliable shade, and one that would register accurately.

The other is also a sun-recorder, to our right in the illustration, and is worked upon a similar principle, except that there is no card for the sun's rays to imprint, only the mahogany side, which we notice is considerably charred here and there. This was the device of the late Mr. John Campbell of Islay.

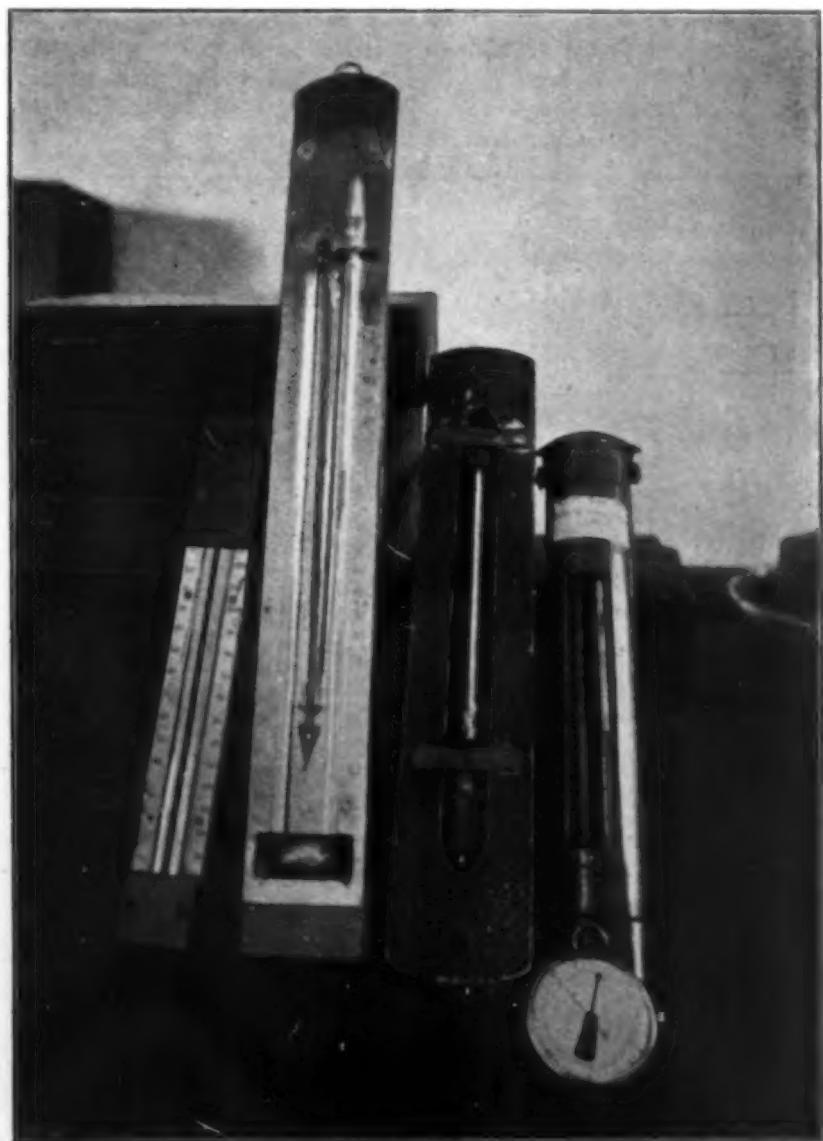
It is an interesting point that at the top of this charred record the black line is very short (winter time) as compared

with the bottom impressions which the sun made in the summer. The glass ball has been removed purposely to show these indications.

It was a hot summer in '94, judging from this indisputable proof.

The Meteorological Council has not much sympathy with prophets who either predict a year in advance or do not prophesy until they know.

The Daily Weather Report is issued free of cost to newspapers (seven copies), whilst 71 copies go to sea-ports, 80 to Government Offices and Public Institutions—61 copies to correspondents at the Office, and to Foreign Offices about



SOME INTERESTING INSTRUMENTS

Photo by R. H. Cocks

35 copies. Nearly 200 copies are issued to paying subscribers for £1 per annum.

It is not generally known that all the forecasts are available for any one who applies for them at the Weather Office, where they may be obtained in writing at stated hours for the fee of one shilling each inquiry. Inquiries may be made by letter or by telegraph, when the latest information either of forecast or weather in any district will be sent for the very moderate outlay of one shilling, plus all extras consequent upon transmission.

This Office also undertakes to give similar information on the same terms with regard to any forecast required on some future specified day; the forecast will be sent on the evening of the day for which it is required.

The Council grants special terms for Hay Harvest Forecasts on a free list,—which is never suspended!

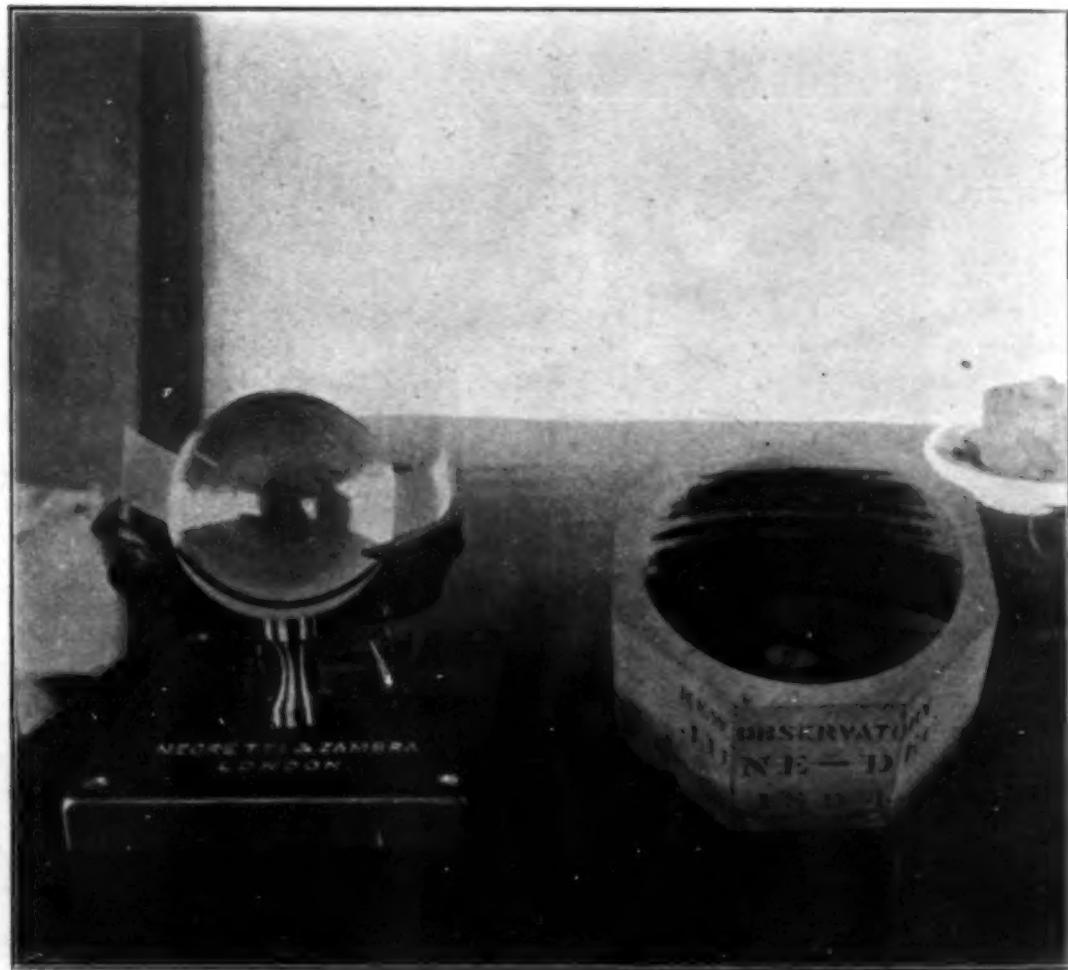
"The South Cone Hoisted" often puzzles a good many people as to the meaning of its and similar warnings.

These notices of atmospherical disturbances are sent gratis to responsible persons at certain ports. If such a notice has been received, a black canvas cone, of regulation size, is hoisted—triangular in form, while near to this flagstaff will be found the telegram received.

At night three lanterns hung upon a triangular frame are hoisted in place of the cone.

But, then, a description of that which is the World's Weather Office requires—if it is to be exhaustive—a book all to itself.

A true forecast is only "a beam that tints to-morrow with prophetic ray"—those that attempt more than this are unwise.



SUN-RECORDERS

Photo by R. H. COOKS

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